The Last Days of Pompeii

LORD LYTTON

NEW METHOD SUPPLEMENTARY READER STAGE 3

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

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BY

LORD LYTTON

Simplified and brought within the vocabulary of New Method Reader 3 by

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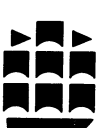

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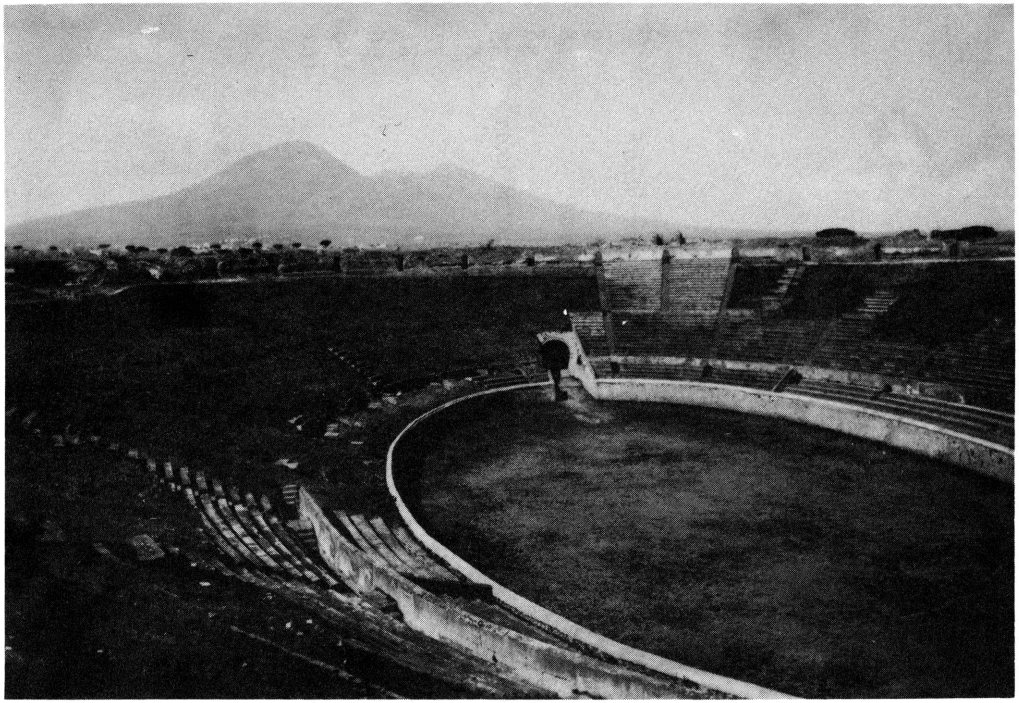


The Amphitheatre

The Temple of Isis

One

THE CITY OF POMPEII

A. Pompeii was a seaside town in South Italy. Many rich Romans lived in it. There was in it a *Temple* of Isis (a house of the Egyptian *goddess,* Isis: a god-dess is a god in the form of a woman).

The time of this story is seventy-nine years after the death of Jesus Christ. There were a few Christians in Pompeii; they were all poor people.

There is a mountain near Pompeii; its name is Vesuvius. A *volcano* is a mountain which *erupts*: when a volcano erupts it explodes, throwing down burning liquid and dust and stones all around.

On August 24, seventy-nine years after the death of Christ, Vesuvius erupted. Hundreds of people were killed, and the city was covered over by the matter thrown down upon it by the eruption.

Hundreds of years later, men began to uncover the city. They found the streets and houses and shops, and many of the things which the people of Pompeii used, even some of the bodies of the people who lived in the city at the time of the eruption. So they were able to learn just how the Romans lived about nineteen hundred years ago.

B. The street called Domitian was crowded with people. Among them was a young man named Glaucus. He was

richly dressed and had a circle of gold round his neck. He was an Athenian; he was born in Athens, and indeed his face was like the face of a Greek god.

"Ha, Clodius!" he called to a young friend. "You won a lot of money off me last night."

"My dear Glaucus," said Clodius, "your losses do not seem to have troubled you. Your face shines with happiness."

"Why should the loss of pieces of silver and gold make me unhappy when we have sunshine and music and beautiful women?"

C. As they talked they came to a place where three streets met. A young girl stood there with a basket of flowers. She played a small musical instrument and sang, and people threw money into her basket.

"It is poor Nydia, the blind girl: she cannot see," said Glaucus. "I must have these flowers, sweet Nydia. Your voice is more beautiful than ever." He put some money in her basket.

"So you have returned," said Nydia in a low voice. "Glaucus has returned!" Her voice was full of happiness.

"Yes. My garden needs your care. I hope you will come tomorrow." As they walked away Glaucus said, "Poor Nydia! She is blind and she is a *slave*: she is owned by a man named Burbo."

"Look!" said Clodius, "here is the rich Julia, Diomed's daughter."

"So Glaucus has returned," she said. She gave him a look full of meaning, and added in a low voice, "Has Glaucus forgotten his friends of last year?"

She is blind and she is a slave

"Beautiful Julia!" said Glaucus. "How could I forget you!"

"We shall see you both at my father's house soon," said Julia, turning to Clodius.

D. The friends walked down to the sea and sat on a rock. There was a long silence; then Glaucus said, "Tell me, Clodius, have you ever been in love?"

"Often," answered Clodius. "But I should not have thought that you were in love. Who is it? Is it Julia? She loves you and does not try to hide it. And she is beautiful and rich."

"No, it is not Julia. I will tell you who it is. One day in Naples I went into the temple of the goddess Minerva and prayed. I did not pray for myself but for Athens, the beautiful city of Greece my homeland; but Athens is no longer ruled by Greeks; it is in the power of the Romans. As I turned to go, I saw behind me a young woman who was also praying. Our eyes met. I have never seen so beautiful a face. She was weeping. I felt sure that she was an Athenian, like me, and she too had been praying for Athens and her homeland.

"'Are you too an Athenian?' I said. 'Let us pray together.'

"So we knelt side by side. I felt as if I had known her for years. We left the temple silently. I was just going to ask her where she lived and if I might visit her, but a young man came and took her hand. His face was rather like hers; perhaps he was her brother. She said good-bye to me, and I did not see her again. I asked many people in Naples and tried to find out who she was, but I could not. So I came back to Pompeii and tried to forget her.

That is all my history. I do not love—but I remember. I can never forget."

Two

THE HOUSE OF GLAUCUS

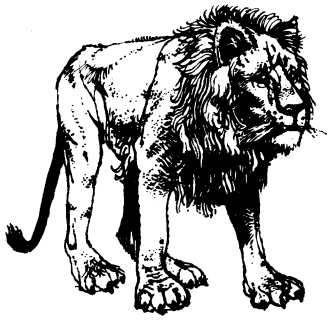
A. The house of Glaucus was one of the smallest but the most beautiful in Pompeii. The evening meal was laid in a room which opened on to the garden.

Pansa was *Aedile* of Pompeii—an officer of government. "Your house," he said to Glaucus, "is like a jewel-case: it is so small, yet so full of beautiful things."

Slaves brought in the dinner and poured *wine* into silver cups.

They ate and drank.

"May this cup be my last!" said young Sallust. "It is the best wine I have drunk in Pompeii."—But it was not the last, for Sallust was a very heavy drinker: he drank far too much.



A lion

"When is our next wild-beast fight?" said Clodius to Pansa.

"On the ninth day of August," answered Pansa. "And we have a very fine *lion*."

"Have you got some prisoners to give to the lion? The people will love to see a fight between a man and a lion."

B. Sallust turned to Glaucus:

"Have you read the new poem about the Egyptian goddess, Isis?"

"It seems that there are many believers in Isis at Pompeii," said Glaucus. "There is an Egyptian named Arbaces who has taught some of the most solemn secrets of Isis to the *priests* who serve the goddess."

"He is very rich," said Pansa. "I have heard that he does magic. Magic is not allowed by law, and the Aedile of Rome has sent all magicians out of the city; but Arbaces is so rich that I dare not do anything about it."

"What do you think of this new Hebrew god called Christus?" asked Glaucus. "There are some followers of this Christus in Pompeii. What do you think of them?"

Clodius laughed: "They are all poor people. There are no gentlemen among them."

"They are called Nazarenes," said Pansa. "They do not believe in our Roman gods, Venus and Jove. If I catch them I shall put them to death."

C. Music sounded and a young voice sang a song written by Glaucus about Evening.

"Beautiful!" said Clodius. "The music is Grecian. It makes me think of the beautiful Grecian lady, Ione."

"Who is Ione?" asked Glaucus.

"She is the most beautiful lady in Pompeii," answered Pansa, "and her voice is wonderful."

"She came to Pompeii only a short time ago," said Clodius. "She sings songs which she has written herself. She plays all the musical instruments. Her house is perfect. She is rich, and gives her money freely to those who are in need. She has all the men of Pompeii at her feet, but

she does not show favour to any of them: she will not marry any of them. Would you like to meet her?"

"Yes," said Glaucus, "I should like to meet her very much."

"Come!" said Clodius, "Let us go now."

D. They went out into the street, and came to Ione's house. They went in. The hall was brightly lit by many lamps. The walls were covered with beautiful paintings.

A slave led them out into the garden, where Ione was sitting in the middle of a crowd of young men.

"Did you say that she is an Athenian?" asked Glaucus as they moved towards her.

"No. She is from Naples."

"From Naples!" said Glaucus, and, as they came to her, he saw that beautiful face which had lived in his mind all these months, the face which he could not forget yet had never hoped to see again.

Three

ARBACES AND CALENUS

A. Arbaces the Egyptian was walking slowly through the *Forum*—the great square in the centre of the city. He was tall, solemn, with a dark skin and large black eyes which seemed to see through those at whom he looked. And those at whom he looked turned quickly away, for all believed that he was a magician.

He came to the Temple of Isis. It was a new building, as many of the people of Pompeii had lately become believers in the Egyptian goddess.

He went up the steps. A crowd of men stood in front of the *statue* of the goddess cut in stone, brightly painted and wearing a gold crown. Two priests of Isis stood, one on each side, at the top of the steps; they were dressed in white.

Arbaces looked at the crowd of men gathered in the temple. "Who are you?" he asked.

One of them answered, "We are merchants. We have come to ask if it is safe for our ships to sail tomorrow."

B. Music sounded. A man appeared; he had no clothes except a cloth round the middle.

Sweet-smelling powder was thrown upon the fire which burned on an *altar*—a table of stone in front of the goddess. The music became louder and the man danced, crying out to the statue for an answer. He danced more and more wildly, till he fell as if lifeless on the ground.

One of the priests raised his hand. There was a deep silence.

Then a low noise was heard inside the body of the statue, and a voice said:

> Storms will come upon the sea,
> But your ships will blessed be.

These words might have meant anything—or nothing; but the merchants seemed to be pleased and went away.

C. Arbaces waited. Then a priest came out from some inner part of the temple. His name was Calenus. He was a very ugly man. Two big ears stood out from a large hairless head. His eyes were yellow; his face was grey.

Sweet-smelling powder was thrown upon the fire which burned on an altar

"You have made the voice of the statue much better," said Arbaces; "and the words were good. If there is a storm and their ships are saved, they will come back and say that Isis is a great goddess; but if the ships are lost—they will not come back. Always say that good will come."

"I wish," said Calenus, "that Apaecides would learn from your wisdom."

"When I was in Naples," said Arbaces, "I met Ione and her brother, Apaecides. I knew their father and mother and, just before they died, they put them in my care. They made me their *guardian* to act as father to them. I have put him among you so that he may become a priest of Isis."

D. "He no longer believes. He is troubled because of our speaking statue, and does not come into the temple. He has been seen in the company of those Christians, who have lately come among us."

"This is what I feared," said Arbaces in a low voice. "Lately he has kept himself away from me. I must lead him back. I must win him so that through him I may win Ione. Ione must be mine!"

"How can I help you?" asked Calenus.

"In two ways. Watch Apaecides: see where he goes. See whom he meets. He often walks in the *Grove* of Cybele—that small wood on a hill where there is a temple of the goddess Cybele."

Four

NYDIA, THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL

A. Glaucus was in the beautiful hall of his house looking out into the garden. His heart was full of joy.

"I have seen her! I have spoken to her again. I have listened to the music of her voice—the lady of my dreams!"

Nydia, the blind flower-girl, came in.

"Ah, Nydia!" said Glaucus. "I knew that you would come as I asked."

"You have always been kind to me. Are you well?"

"I am well, and you, Nydia, have grown since I last saw you. Next year you will be thinking of love and marriage."

He spoke to her like an elder brother, but his words seemed to make her angry.

"I have brought you some flowers. I came as often as I could to work in your garden while you were away; but the sun has been hot, and I have been ill lately. Now I must go and water your garden."

"Poor Nydia," thought Glaucus as he watched her. "You have an unhappy life. You cannot see the earth—nor the sun—nor the sea—nor the stars. And greatest loss of all, you cannot see Ione."

Nydia finished her work in the garden and left Glaucus's house.

B. Nydia found her way through crowded streets, and then came through narrow ways to the back-door of the house of Burbo. She was his slave. Burbo was the brother of Calenus, the priest of Isis.

"How much money did you get for your flowers?" asked Burbo.

"She gets little money for her flowers," said Stratonice, the wife of Burbo. "But her voice will be needed again at those parties at Arbaces' house, and he pays well."

"Oh, no!" cried Nydia. "I will stand in the streets and sell flowers from sunrise to sunset, but do not send me to Arbaces! The women whom I meet there are the lowest in all Pompeii. It is not right that I should mix with them."

"You are a slave in the house of Burbo! Are you so much better than they?" said Burbo.

Nydia put down her flowers and wept.

Five

GLAUCUS AND IONE

A. Glaucus went to the house of Ione. He found her sitting among her servants who were at work around her. She seemed to Glaucus even more beautiful in her simple dress in the morning light than when he had seen her covered with jewels in the evening before.

They spoke about Greece. He spoke of the silver trees on the banks of the river Ilissus, of the temples, once beautiful but now no longer cared for under the rule of the Romans. Ione listened to him in silence.

She loved to hear the words of her homeland. She loved to be with a man of Athens, her city. The gods of her people, the land of her dreams, spoke to her in his voice.

After that they met each day and in the cool of the evening went out in a boat. Their love was sudden and strong.

One evening, the fifth after their first meeting, Glaucus and Ione went round the bay in a boat. The sea was like glass; there was no sound except the quiet voice of the water against the side of the boat.

Glaucus lay at the feet of Ione.

B. "My poor brother," said Ione, "how he would have enjoyed this hour!"

"Your brother!" said Glaucus. "Was he with you at the temple in Naples? And is he now in Pompeii? Why have I never met him?"

"His name is Apaecides. He is a priest in the temple of Isis. When our father and mother died, we were left in the care of Arbaces, and he made my brother serve as a priest of Isis."

"Is your brother happy?"

"No. I wish he had not decided so quickly. He expected too much."

"Is Arbaces a priest of Isis?"

"No, he is not a priest, but he is very learnèd."

"I have met Arbaces. He is a strange, cold man—cold as ice."

"Perhaps he seems cold because he has suffered much. He is kind and wise." Ione pointed to Vesuvius. "Yet, perhaps like that mountain he has hidden fires."

The rest of the sky was bright with the red and gold

of sunset, but over the top of the mountain there was a black and dangerous cloud.

Six

ARBACES: APAECIDES: IONE

A. Arbaces was on the way to the house of Ione: he saw Apaecides standing in the shade of a tree. He went to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"Why have you been keeping away from me?" he asked. "I am your friend, your guardian."

"You are my enemy," answered Apaecides.

"I am not your enemy. I sent you to the Temple of Isis as a trial. I wanted you to discover that the things which are done there are done only to please the common people. But, when you had seen through those foolish things, I would lead you on to learn the real things which Isis has to teach."

"And what will you teach me? More foolishness?"

"I shall teach you the real things, the great truths which lie behind what you have seen—the secrets which Egypt has to teach. Come to me this night and you shall learn."

B. Arbaces walked on towards the house of Ione. As he entered it, he heard the voice of a young man. Then he saw Glaucus seated beside Ione. The servants were at a distance. A musical instrument lay at Glaucus's feet.

A cloud of anger passed across the face of Arbaces. He stopped; then making his face icily cold as before, he came nearer to them with quiet step.

"Before we loved, we thought that the poets told about love truly," Glaucus was saying; "but when love came, we felt the true wonder and the beauty. When the sun rises all the stars are seen no more."

"That is a beautiful thought, my dear Glaucus."

Both looked up, and behind Ione they saw the cold face of Arbaces. Glaucus stood up.

"I am glad," said Ione, "to see you at last together, for you are both my friends."

"The last three times when I came," said Arbaces, "I have not been able to find you in your home."

"No—no—" answered Ione, not knowing quite what to say. "The sea was so—beautiful that I felt I must go out."

C. Glaucus said good-bye to Ione. When he had gone, Arbaces sat down near Ione.

"Do not think," he said, "that as your guardian I wish to make you less free; but you are a Greek; and Grecian women have more freedom than Romans. For this reason they must be more careful. You may draw crowds of young people to your feet, but remember that there are some who know that they cannot be so happy as you are. These people will watch you, and speak against you if you give them a chance. Be careful; give them no cause. The good name of a young woman may so easily be lost."

"What do you mean, Arbaces?" said Ione in a low voice. Her heart was filled with fear. "What are you trying to say?"

"How did you meet this man—this Glaucus?"

"He was brought to my house by Clodius, who is a

Greek, like my father. I have known him only for about a week. Why do you ask these questions?"

"Do you know what sort of man he is? He spends his time in horse-racing and in playing games for money. With such friends as he has, how can he know the meaning of goodness? Yesterday he said openly in the Bath that you loved him. When Clodius asked if he loved you enough to marry you, he laughed."

"That is not possible. How did you hear this?"

"I heard it from several people. It made me very angry and I hurried here to tell you of your danger. I am your true friend; can you forgive me for telling you?"

As he left the house Ione bowed her head. "Love!" she cried, "what is true love?" She wept.

Seven

"COME WITH ME AND LEARN!"

A. As evening came, Apaecides set out to go to the house of Arbaces. He went through the darker, narrower streets. His arms were crossed and his head was bowed.

A tall man passed him; then turned and came back. "Apaecides!" he said, and he made a quick movement of his hand in the shape of a cross.

"Well, Olinthus, what do you want?"

"I do not wish to break in on your thoughts," said Olinthus, "but when we last met you seemed more pleased to see me."

"I am sad and tired and troubled, and I am not able to talk with you this evening about those things which mean so much to you."

"If you are tired and sad, come to Him who can help you. Listen to the words of our God, 'Come to me and I will give you rest.'"

"Not now! Another time." Apaecides broke away from Olinthus and ran to the house of Arbaces.

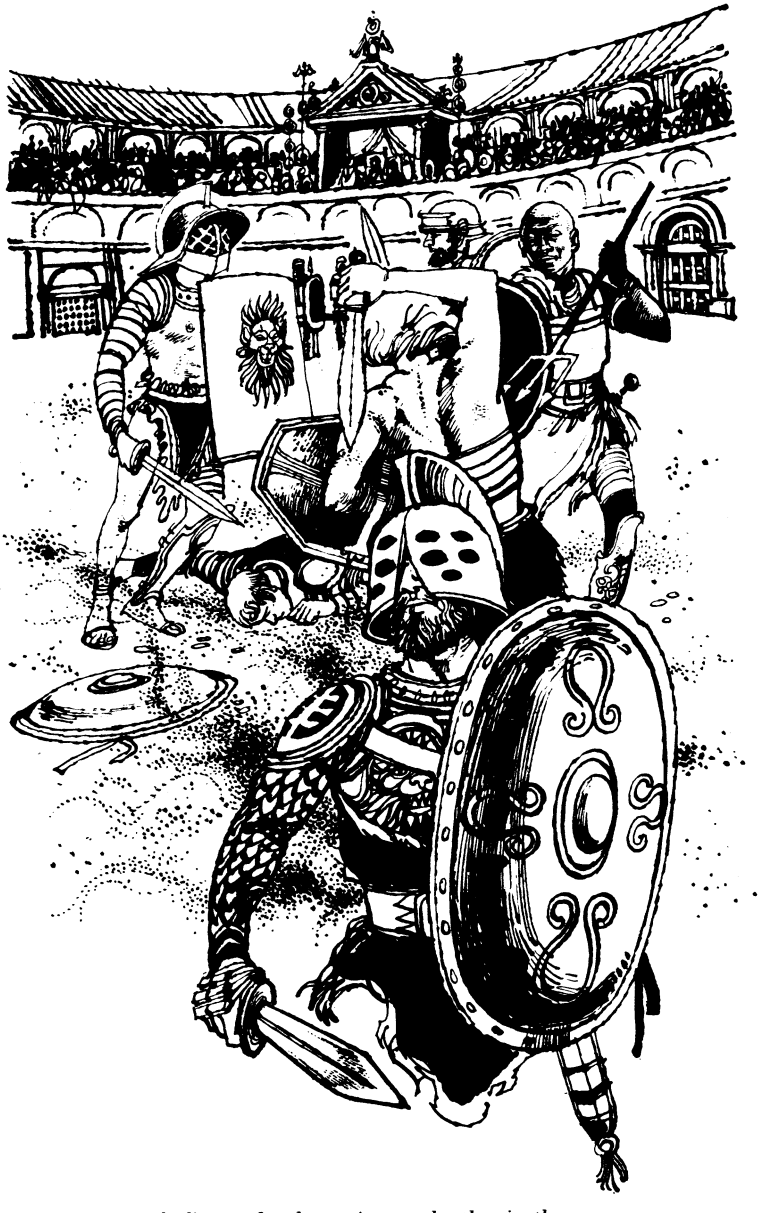
B. A tall slave opened the door, then led Apaecides up narrow steps into an upper room. Then they passed on into a small dimly lit room in another part of the house. There Arbaces was seated at a table covered with books and strange instruments.

"Be seated," said Arbaces. "You have come to ask me the greatest secret which the mind of man is able to learn—the secret of life itself. We are like children in the dark. We do not know what to believe. All that we can do is to study the world around and the stars above us and enjoy this earth and this life which we have now. Now that you have left those foolish things of the temple, meant only for the common people, you shall learn the science of earth and of the stars. And you shall learn the pleasures of those whose minds are no longer slaves of the rules of a god which man has made. There is music, song, wine, women. Come with me and learn."

Eight

BURBO'S WINE-SHOP

A. *Gladiators* were men who fought against each other or against animals in front of the people in the *arena.* The arena was a place covered with sand, with seats all



Gladiators fought against each other in the arena

round it. Fights of gladiators and fights with wild beasts were held in the arena, and all the people of the city came to see.

Burbo, the owner of Nydia, was once a gladiator; now he was a wine-seller and his house was the meeting-place of gladiators. It was evening. The room was full of big, powerful men—men like animals—all drinking, playing for money, quarrelling.

"Tell me, Burbo," said one of them, "where is your pretty young slave, the blind girl? I have not seen her for a long time."

"She is too nice for you, or for us. We send her into the town to sell flowers and sing to the ladies. She makes more money for us than she would by serving you."

"How did you get so gentle and good a slave?"

"You remember my slave Staphyla, that big ugly woman? Well, when she died, I wanted to buy another. A merchant came to me and said, 'Here is a chance for you to buy a slave for very little money. She is only a child, but quick and quiet and she sings well.' I saw the girl; she had her hands crossed and her head bowed. I bought her. But when I got home, I found that she was blind. I could not find the merchant again; he had left the city."

Burbo's wife brought in the food and the gladiators ate.

Burbo quietly left the room.

B. We will follow Burbo into the inner room. It had a back-door opening on to a side-street. Calenus was there. (Calenus was the ugly priest whom we saw in the Temple of Isis. He was Burbo's brother.)

Burbo sat down at the table. Calenus poured money out of a bag and Burbo counted it.

"You see," said Calenus, "Arbaces pays you well. You ought to thank me for telling him about your Nydia."

"I do! I do thank you," said Burbo as he put the money into a big bag. "My little Nydia is a garden of gold to me. She sings and plays well, and Arbaces always pays freely; but I do not know anything about the *feasts*, the gatherings for food and wine and music and dancing at Arbaces' house. She seems afraid to go there, and she says that those things are secret."

"I too have promised to keep the secret," said Calenus. "I go to those feasts; but I never enjoy them. I am happier drinking here and meeting the simple girls who come to this place."

"Tomorrow," said Burbo, "we will have a real feast here."

C. There was a sound at the door. Calenus hid his face.

"It is only the blind girl," said Burbo as Nydia opened the door and came into the room.

"Girl!" said Burbo, "you are late and you look tired."

"Master," she said, "you may beat me, you may kill me, but I will not go to the house of Arbaces again!"

"You will do as you are told."

"I will not! I will not go!"

"Then I shall carry you there."

"I shall call upon the people in the street to save me."

"I shall stop your mouth so that you cannot cry out."

Then Calenus spoke: "Nydia! Remember your promise, your promise in the name of the gods that you would tell nothing about the secrets of Arbaces."

The noise brought Stratonice, Burbo's wife, into the room. Nydia threw herself at her feet.

"You are a woman. You have had sisters; you have been young like me. Save me! I will not go to those feasts any more!"

"Do not be a fool," said Stratonice. She pulled Nydia to her feet. "You are a slave, and a slave must do as she is told."

"I will not go! If I am forced to go, I shall go to the judge and tell him everything."

Stratonice seized Nydia by her hair and beat her with a rope. The cries of the girl rang through the house.

Nine

GLAUCUS BUYS NYDIA

A. "Come, Glaucus," said Clodius. "Let us go into Burbo's house; let us see what gladiators he has got there so that we may put our money on the fights."

They went in.

Clodius looked at a big dark man sitting there, drinking.

"Ha! Balbus," he said, "whom will you fight?"

"I shall fight Sporus. We will fight to the death."

"Balbus against Sporus. I think Balbus will win. Ten to one on Balbus."

"Where is Burbo?" answered Glaucus. "I must see Burbo before I decide. He can tell me who will be the winners."

"And where is Stratonice?" asked Clodius.

Balbus answered, "They are in the inner room."

There was a cry of pain: "Oh, save me! Forgive

me! I am only a child! I am blind! Do not beat me!"

"I know that voice," cried Glaucus. "It is my poor flower-girl."

Glaucus broke open the door and saw Nydia, held by Stratonice, being beaten with a rope. Already the rope was red with blood.

Glaucus seized Stratonice's arm.

"How dare you do that!" he cried. "How dare you treat a child—a girl like that!—a blind girl! My Nydia, my poor child!"

"Oh, is that you?—Is that Glaucus?" she cried. She threw herself into his arms.

"Give me my slave!" shouted Stratonice.

"I thought," said Clodius, "that there was another man here; but he has gone."

Wisely, Calenus had gone quickly away.

Glaucus sat down and took Nydia on his knees. He kissed the tears from her face. "There! There! Do not cry, dear Nydia. You are safe with me. Safe with me, dear little Nydia."

Even the hard heart of Stratonice was moved as she watched this young man, so beautiful, so strong, who had all that the world could give, with this child who had nothing, less than nothing in all the world.

B. Glaucus looked up at Burbo.

"This is your slave. She sings well and knows how to take care of flowers. Will you sell her to me?"

Nydia turned up her face to him; it was full of hope.

"Sell our Nydia!" said Stratonice. "Never!"

Nydia put her arms round Glaucus's neck and held him close.

"You will do as I say," said Clodius. "I am a close friend of Pansa, the Aedile. If I say a word to him, he will close your wine-shop. Glaucus, the slave is yours."

"The girl is very useful to me," said Burbo. "She brings me a lot of money. I paid six pieces of gold for her."

"Ask whatever you like. I am rich."

"I paid six for her. She is worth twelve now."

"You shall have twenty."

"Twenty. Well, I'll take twenty to please Clodius, if Clodius will speak to the Aedile for me and make me an officer at the Circus, to shout out the names of the gladiators."

"I will do that," said Clodius.

"Then I am to go with you—with you!" cried Nydia. "Oh, happiness!"

"Yes, pretty one, and all that you will have to do is to sing Greek songs to the most beautiful lady in Pompeii."

A change came over Nydia's face which had been so happy before.

"I hoped that I was to go to your house."

"So you shall, for the present," said Glaucus. "Come."

Ten

ARBACES AND IONE

A. When Arbaces left her, Ione went into an inner room. She shut out her slaves and she allowed no one to come into the house. Glaucus was among those who

were shut out. He wondered at this, but he could not understand why. He was troubled, but his hopes were not dimmed because he knew that he loved her and that she loved him.

At night when only the moon looked down upon his love, he went to her home and laid flowers at the door. He stood below her window and sang the songs which she loved. He did not know if she was sleeping, or if she heard.

Ione did not sleep; she heard. While she listened she believed nothing against Glaucus; but, when the song ended and he went away, all her doubts and fears returned.

B. Ione allowed no one to enter the house, but Arbaces, as her guardian, had a right to enter. On the fourth day after that last meeting, Arbaces and Ione sat together.

"Do not look down," said Arbaces. "That is not fair to those who are your friends. Look up at me."

Ione's eyes were red with weeping. "Arbaces," she said, "looks only to the mind; it does not matter to him if the face is hidden."

"I do look only at the mind," he answered. "Show me your face because there I see it."

He stopped. He looked at her; then he went on: "There is a love, beautiful Ione, which is not that love of the young and thoughtless. That is a love which sees only with the eyes. But there is another love which is a love of the soul. It asks for youth, but only because of the freshness of the heart. It asks for beauty, but it is the beauty of the thought and of the spirit. Such is the love, Ione, which I offer you. Such is the love which you can receive from me."

"And its name is Friendship," answered Ione.

C. "Friendship!" cried Arbaces. "Friendship! No; that is not the word for such a feeling. Glaucus and Clodius are friends; they enjoy the same foolish things. What Arbaces feels for Ione is more than that. Give it no name; earth has no name for it."

Ione did not know how to answer. She felt afraid; she did not know why. She hid her face so that he might not see what she felt.

At last she said, "The friendship of Arbaces is, of course, different from that of others." She must stop him from speaking in this way; she must make him talk about something else.

"Tell me, Arbaces," she said, "have you seen my brother lately? He has not visited me for several days. I am afraid that he decided to be a priest of Isis too quickly and now he may feel that he was wrong."

"It is true," said Arbaces, "that for some time he was troubled, but he came to me and I have taken away his doubts."

They talked about other things; then Arbaces said, "You have never seen the inside of my home. I hope that some evening you will honour it."

Ione did not know what danger might be waiting for her there. The next evening was fixed for her visit.

Eleven

NYDIA IS SENT TO IONE

A. The morning sun was shining on the small but sweet-smelling garden in Glaucus's house. Glaucus was lying on the grass. "Why," he thought, "why will she not let me come into her house? Days have passed since I heard her voice. Oh, Ione, can you dream how much I love you!"

Nydia came through the house into the garden. She had a water-pot in her hand. She watered the flowers; she touched them gently and felt for any dead leaves and pulled them away.

"Nydia, my child," said Glaucus.

At the sound of his voice she stopped and listened, with her face turned up to know where his voice came from.

"Nydia," he said again. She put down her water-pot and went quickly to him.

"Nydia," said Glaucus, laying his hand on her long beautiful hair, "you have now been in my house for three days. Have these been happy days?"

"Oh, yes—yes! So happy!"

B. "Now that you are better and stronger, I am going to ask you to do something for me. Have you heard the name of Ione?"

Nydia's face was as white as the face of one of the statues in the garden.

"Yes. I have.—I have heard that she is beautiful."

"Nydia, I love Ione!"

"I thought so," said Nydia quietly.

"But for some days," said Glaucus, "I have not been allowed to see Ione. There is something strange in this. I do not understand it. I want you to take this letter to her. And I want you to find out the cause of this unkindness."

Nydia gave no answer.

"And I want you to stay with her—serve her. Talk to her about me when you can. She is so kind, so gentle; she will be like a sister to you. Will you do this for me?—Why do you weep? Why are you so sad? I want you to be happy."

"Glaucus, I am your slave. What have I to do with sadness or joy?"

She touched his hand, then kissed it and went towards the door of the house.

"I have known three days of happiness. Three days.—What lies before me? Only death."

Twelve

NYDIA BRINGS AN ANSWER

A. Nydia was led into Ione's room by a slave. She stood listening, then she said, "Will Ione please speak, so that I may know where she is and give her these flowers?"

"Dear child, my slave will bring them to me."

"I must give them only to you, into your hand. And I have a letter."

Ione sent the slave away. Then she read the letter.

"Is Ione ill? The slaves tell me that she is not. For five days I have not been allowed to see you. Have I said too much about my love? Or has someone spoken against me? I pray you: let me see you.

"I send this letter by Nydia. You will receive her because, like us, she is a stranger; and she is blind and a slave. Poor Nydia! I want to find some way of making her happier than she has been in the past. May I place her with you?

"One word more. May I ask you why you think so much of that Egyptian, Arbaces? He does not seem to me to be a man whom you can trust. Can it be that he has said things against me? He came when I was with you, and you saw how angry he was at finding me there; and, since then, you have not allowed me to see you.—Do not believe anything that Arbaces says about me; or tell me what he says. That would be only just and right.

"This letter touches your hand; these words meet your eyes. May I do the same, dearest Ione?"

B. Ione's eyes were full of tears. She kissed the letter.

Nydia asked, "Will you answer the letter?"

Ione wrote.

Then Nydia said, "Will Glaucus thank the bearer of your answer?—If it is a cold answer let the slave take it to him, but if it is an answer which will make him happy, let me take it. I will come back this evening."

"Why, Nydia, do you wish to take the letter?"

"Ah! It is a kind answer. Who could be unkind to Glaucus!"

"My child," said Ione, "you speak warmly. Do you love Glaucus very much?"

"He has been to me what the world has never been. He has been a friend."

Ione kissed her. "Go, Nydia; take him that letter, and come back. Your room shall be next to mine.—Nydia, I have no sister; will you be a sister to me?"

When Nydia left her, Ione sat long in a dream of happiness.

Then a servant came to tell her that the time had come for her to visit Arbaces.

Thirteen

IONE GOES TO ARBACES

A. Nydia told Glaucus everything that Ione had said; then she returned to Ione's house. When she reached it she asked, "Where has Ione gone? She is not in her room."

"She has gone to the house of Arbaces."

"To the house of Arbaces!" she cried. "That is impossible!"

"It is true," said the slave. "She has known him a long time."

"For a long time!—And yet Glaucus loves her!" she thought. Then she asked, "Has she often visited him before?"

"Never till now," said the slave. "If what I hear about Arbaces in the streets of Pompeii is true, it would be better if she had not gone this time. But she does not hear what is talked of in the streets."

"Never till now!" said Nydia. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

B. Nydia threw down the flowers which Glaucus had sent. She called the slave who had come with her and hurried back to Glaucus's house.

"She does not dream of the danger into which she has gone. But I am a fool to save her, for I love Glaucus better than I love myself."

When she reached the house, she was told that Glaucus had gone out with some friends and would not be back till very late.

"We must waste no time!" cried Nydia. "We must hurry.—Has Ione any close friend or any family in Pompeii?"

"Yes, of course," said the slave. "Everyone in Pompeii knows that Ione has a brother. He has become a priest of Isis."

"A priest of Isis!—A priest of Isis! What is his name?"

"Apaecides."

"I understand now! Brother and sister! Arbaces has them both in his power. And the brother must know what danger his sister is in. I will go to him."

Till then she had been led by a slave, but now she knew her way. She knew every street in the centre of the city. Poor girl, she did not dream that, before many days had passed, her blindness would be of more use to her and a safer guide than sight. But the slave had followed her.

C. Nydia came to the temple.

"There is no one here," said the slave. "The priests do not live in the temple."

"Call!" said Nydia. "There is always one priest left to watch."

The slave called. No one came.

"Can you not see anyone?"

"No one."

"There is someone there. I hear a sound. Look again."

"Yes—I see someone dressed in white—sitting there, in the far corner. He is a priest."

"O priest of Isis! Hear me!"

"Who is calling me?"

"Ah! I know your voice! Are you Apaecides?"

"I am." He came forward.

"You have a sister. You know about those feasts in the house of Arbaces. Perhaps you go to them. Do you want your sister to go to one of them? Do you want her to meet Arbaces in his house?"

"He dare not ask her. It is not true!"

"It is true. Ione is in the house of Arbaces. I have told you of her danger. Now I will go."

"Stay! Stay! If this is true, what can be done to save her? They will not let me in and I do not know my way in all the rooms of that great house."

"I will send this slave away. I know the way; I will lead you. Bring a knife with you."

"Wait! I will come back."

He returned wearing a long coat which hid his dress as a priest. "Now!" he said. "If Arbaces has dared—but he dare not!"

Fourteen

IN THE HOME OF ARBACES

A. Ione entered the great hall in Arbaces' house. Statues of Egyptian gods stood all round it; their strange cold faces filled her heart with fear.

A tall slave led her in. Half-way up the hall Arbaces came to meet her. His rich blue coat was covered with jewels. The hall was brightly lit with lamps although it was bright day. Curtains over the windows kept out the daylight.

"Beautiful Ione," he said as he touched her hand. "Your eyes light up the hall."

"You must not talk to me like that," said Ione quietly. "You have taught me not to speak without meaning what I say."

This simple and quiet answer only made Arbaces wish to say more about her beauty; but he was careful. He laughed, and led her on through several rooms, all filled with wonderful works of art, pictures and statues. Along the walls there were cases filled with gold and jewels. Sometimes they were alone in the rooms; sometimes they passed through lines of silent slaves who fell on their knees as she passed, offering her gold and jewels. "Please take these things," said Arbaces. "They are yours!" but she would not.

"I have often heard," she said, "that you were rich, but I never dreamed that you were so rich as this."

"If I could make it all into one crown I would place it upon your head."

Ione laughed. "It would be far too heavy for me! It would press me down into the ground!"

"Do not think too little of riches, Ione. Gold is a great magician: it can make our dreams become real. It gives power; it is the greatest of all slaves."

B. Arbaces wanted to fill Ione with desire to become the owner of all that she saw here; but Ione did not like all this sweet talk and these offers of jewels. It was unpleasant; it troubled her and made her feel afraid.

They came into a hall whose walls were covered with curtains of silver and white. Arbaces raised his hand, and a table came up from the floor, and a golden seat covered with rich red cloth. Sweet music sounded.

When the feast was ended, the music became quieter and Arbaces spoke. "Have you in this dark and uncertain world, Ione, ever wished to look beyond, to see those things which will come to you as time goes on? By our wisdom I have been able to look into the past and learn the secrets of the dead. I have also been able to look forward. I have learnt to see the lives of the living as they will be."

"You have learnt to see our lives as you *think* they will be," said Ione.

C. "You shall see, Ione, what I have learnt about your life as it will be. You shall see it acted before your eyes."

Ione thought of Glaucus and was filled with fear. She half-believed the words of Arbaces, and was afraid of what Arbaces might show her. She was silent; then she

said: "Perhaps that will only make me feel less happy than I am now in the present."

"Not so, Ione. I have looked, and I have seen only happiness and love. Will you come with me and see?"

"Glaucus!" she thought. "Shall I see happiness and love with him? If not with him, how can there be happiness?"

Arbaces took her hand and led her across the hall. Curtains were drawn aside at the end of the hall and they went down broad steps into a garden. It was evening; the moon was high in the sky. The air was full of the sweet smell of flowers. Baskets filled with flowers lay as offerings of the feet of statues beside their path.

"Where are we going?" asked Ione. "Where are you leading me?"

"There," he answered, pointing to a small building at the end of their path. "I am leading you to that Temple of the Goddess of Time. To her Time is nothing. Time past, and Time which will be; they are the same!"

Fifteen

THE TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS OF TIME

A. Arbaces and Ione passed into a narrow hall. At its end there was a thick curtain. Arbaces lifted it. Ione went in and found that she was in black darkness.

"Do not be afraid," said Arbaces. A soft warm light spread around them. As the light became stronger Ione saw that the walls were hung with black curtains and the seats were covered with black cloth. In the centre of

the room a fire burned upon a stone altar. At one side there was a great head of an Egyptian goddess, cut in black stone, set up on a tall stone post.

Arbaces stood in front of the altar. He poured some powder into the fire and a strange smell filled the room. A sort of sleep came over Ione; she felt as if everything around her was a dream. Her eyes closed.

B. Then Ione heard Arbaces speak, as if from far away: "Open your eyes, and look!"

Curtains at the end of the Temple moved aside.

She saw in her dream a great hall—like the hall in the house of a king. There was a golden chair in the centre—like the seat of a queen. Slaves and soldiers stood in lines on each side and a hand held a crown above it.

Ione saw herself standing there.

A man entered. His face was hidden. He knelt at the feet of Ione. He took her hand; he pointed to the golden seat as if asking her to go up to it.

She heard a voice beside her. "Shall he show his face?"——It was the voice of Arbaces. . .

The dream had gone. Arbaces himself was standing at her side—the real, living Arbaces.

"That," he cried, "that is your future—to be the wife of Arbaces, rich, powerful, his queen."

His eyes were like fire. "Listen to me. I love you. The gods are not wrong: you will indeed be mine. Do not turn away, Ione! Do not be afraid. You are my queen, my goddess. You shall have all that you ask for—riches, power—everything. Ione! Look at me. Do not hide your face from me. You are my sun; shine upon me, Ione. Ione, all my love is yours."

Ione was alone, and in the power of this strange and *terrible* man, but she was not afraid; he had spoken in a low voice. She felt safe, but she was very surprised and did not know how to reply.

"Rise, Arbaces," she said at last. He seized her hand and kissed it as he stood up. "Listen," she said. "You have been my guardian and my friend; but I have not been prepared for this change in you. I am honoured by your words, but——"

His dark eyes seemed to burn into her as he waited for her answer. "But—?" he said. "But— What?"

"But," said Ione, "I love another."

C. "By the gods!" shouted Arbaces. "That is not possible! Whom have you seen? Whom have you known? It is not true! You say that only to gain time. I have surprised you. You say that you do not love me; you will! You will love me in time. But do not say that you love another!"

He shouted at her in his anger. Ione was afraid. She wept.

Arbaces came nearer. He put his arms round her, but she sprang away. As she did so, a letter fell from her dress on to the ground. Arbaces saw it and seized it. It was the letter which she had received that morning from Glaucus.

He read it. Ione dared not look at him. At last the letter fell from his hand.

"The writer of this letter—is he the man whom you love?"

Ione wept, but did not answer.

"Speak!" he shouted.

"He is."

"And his name, written here—his name is Glaucus?"

Ione looked round for some help or escape.

"Then listen to me," said Arbaces in a low voice, "you shall go to your death rather than to him. You are mine! All mine!"

D. Arbaces caught Ione in his arms. She freed herself and ran towards the door. He seized her again; but again she escaped from him and fell near the black stone head of the Egyptian goddess.

Arbaces came towards her again. Just then the curtain was pulled aside and he felt a strong hand holding him back. He turned and saw the angry eyes of Glaucus and the white face of Apaecides.

Apaecides raised his sister from the ground and laid her on a seat. He stood over Ione with a knife, watching the fight between Glaucus and Arbaces. The hand of each was trying to reach the neck of the other; the faces were drawn back; the eyes were bright—the mouths open. Both were strong, both filled with desire to make this a fight to the death. The battle moved from end to end of the hall. Now they were near the altar; now near the black head of the goddess.

"Oh, goddess," cried Arbaces, "help me!"

Then he shouted, "Die!" as he sprang upon Glaucus. Glaucus fell and Arbaces put his foot upon him. Apaecides ran forward raising his knife to strike. Arbaces caught his arm; he seized the knife and threw Apaecides to the ground.

Then Arbaces raised the knife. Glaucus looked up. "This," he thought, "is the end."

The black head of the goddess fell

E. [An *earthquake* is a movement of the earth caused by a weakness in the rocks below.]

The floor shook under them. There was a deep sound as the earth itself moved. The curtains hung out from the walls. The black head of the goddess fell. As Arbaces was going to drive the knife into the heart of Glaucus, the head of the goddess struck the back of his head and he fell forward, as if dead.

Glaucus helped Apaecides to stand up. Blood was flowing from the mouth of Arbaces onto his coat and the stone floor.

The earth shook again. They were forced to hold on to each other so that they might not fall. They waited no longer.

Glaucus took Ione in his arms and carried her out into the garden and into the street. In the street they were met on all sides by crowds of men, women and slaves running out from the houses, filled with fear for their lives. There had been an earthquake sixteen years ago. They knew what it was. They knew how many people had been killed then.

Glaucus, carrying Ione, and Apaecides passed a small gate. It was open. Inside it the moonlight fell upon Nydia, the blind girl. She was weeping as if her heart would break.

Sixteen

APAECIDES AND THE CHRISTIANS

A. The Forum was the central square of Pompeii; all the public buildings and temples stood round it. Money-changers sat at their tables; merchants and seamen crowded round them. Men stood talking about their business, about the earthquake, about all that was happening in the city and in Rome. Men hurried in and out of the law-courts. Poor people stood in lines with their baskets to buy or be given meat saved by the priests from the animals offered on the altars to the gods.

A man stood in front of the Temple of Jupiter. He was about fifty years old. His brown dress was very plain, unlike the brightly coloured clothes of most of the other people. And, unlike all the other men in the Forum, he had no money-bag hanging at his side. No money! That was strange.

He was looking at the line of people going into the Temple.

A merchant noticed him and asked his friend, who was a jeweller: "Who is that strange-looking man? Why does he look at us like that?"

"He is Olinthus," answered the jeweller. "It is said that he is a Nazarene—a Christian."

B. "A Christian!" said the merchant. "These Christians

are terrible people; they are very bad! It is said that they meet at night and that they always kill a baby before beginning their prayers. And they carry no money. They have no money of their own; all is paid in to one person who pays for all that they need. Ha! What would the merchants do if no-one had any money? What would the jewellers do; for they never wear any jewels, and they say 'Silver and gold—we have none.'"

"It is said that the Christians burnt the city of Rome in the time of Nero."

Olinthus saw that they were talking about him, and that the people were looking at him.

"Fools!" he said, "fools who bow down to gods of stone. Did not the earthquake last night show you the things which are coming? Did it not tell you to be ready for the Last Day when all the world will be destroyed."

Some of the crowd looked at him with fear; others shouted angrily: "He does not believe in the gods." They raised their hands to strike him. But he walked through the crowd and they were afraid to touch him.

C. Apaecides was wearing a long coat which covered his clothes as a priest of Isis. "Is he, too, a man like Arbaces," he thought, as he looked at Olinthus. "Does he, too, pretend to live a simple life given to a god, but secretly give way to all the desires of the body?"

Perhaps Olinthus saw what was in the mind of Apaecides. He stopped and looked at him. "Peace be with you," he said.

"Peace! How can I find peace?"

"Turn your eyes up to heaven, to the One God, and follow the teaching of his Son, and you will find peace."

Apaecides saw that people were looking at him and Olinthus. "We cannot talk here," he said. "I will follow you down to the river. No one will be there at this time."

Olinthus understood and walked on. Sometimes he made a little movement with his hand, a cross, as he passed someone. Most of these friends of his seemed, from their clothes, to be poor people.

Christianity had its beginnings among the very poor.

D. Olinthus, followed by Apaecides, reached the river. This walk by the river was usually crowded with people in the evening, but now, in the heat of the day, there was no one there. They sat on a seat under a tree.

"You have not been happy since I last saw you," said Olinthus.

"I have been very unhappy. I believed in Arbaces and was led by him into becoming a priest of Isis. On that last evening when we met, I was happy because I thought that Arbaces was going to tell me the truth which lay behind the speaking statue and all that foolishness. He did not. I do not know if there are any gods. Are we ruled by chance? Is there anything beyond this present life? Tell me, what do you believe?"

"Come with me," said Olinthus, "to the place where we Christians meet. Listen to our teaching and our prayers. Today is the Day of the Sun, the day on which we always meet."

E. Olinthus called a boat and they crossed the river.

They went up a narrow street full of small houses and came to one which was rather larger than the rest. Olinthus struck the door three times, and it was opened.

They went into an inner room. Twelve or fourteen people were sitting in a circle.

Olinthus knelt and said a short prayer; then he stood up and said, "Brothers, do not be surprised to see a priest of Isis among you. The spirit of God has come into his heart and he desires to see, to hear, and to understand."

"Let him join us," said several voices. Among them he saw an old man, named Medon, who was a slave of the rich man Diomed.

"We do not make you promise to keep all this secret," said Olinthus. "There is no law against us, but the people are worse than their rulers and would kill us; but we are not afraid of death."

Then Olinthus turned to Medon. "Come, Medon," he said. "You are the only one of us who is not a free man. Open the book and read and teach us."

There is no need to tell here the reading and the teaching which Medon gave. Then they were strange and new, but now, nineteen hundred years later, they are well known to us.

F. One thing moved the heart of Apaecides very much. When Medon finished and sat down, the door opened and two children came in; they were the children of the master of the house. Medon opened his arms to them. He told them in simple words the story of God's love: "Let little children come to me." Then he kissed them.

A very old man came in. All stood up as he entered.

"God be with you," said the old man. The children ran to him.

"Father Lazarus," said Olinthus, "you were brought

back from the grave by the power of our Lord; see, we have a stranger in our meeting."

"Let me bless him," said the old man.

Apaecides fell on his knees, the children knelt on each side of him, and the old man laid his hands upon his head.

Seventeen

NYDIA MEETS JULIA

A. It was evening. Nydia was on her way to the home of Ione. She heard a voice behind her.

"Where are you going, flower-girl? You have no basket: have you sold all your flowers?"

The speaker was Julia, daughter of Diomed. She was beautiful and well dressed—too well dressed. Diomed, the rich man, was with her.

"Don't you remember my voice? I am Julia, daughter of Diomed."

"Yes; I remember your voice. No; I have no flowers to sell."

"I hear that that Greek, Glaucus, has bought you. Is that true?"

"I work for Ione," said Nydia.

"Ah! Then it is true. So——"

"Come, come," said Diomed. "It is cold and I cannot stay here while you talk to the blind girl. Let her follow you home if you wish to speak to her."

"Do, child," said Julia. "I have much that I want to ask you. Come."

"I cannot come now," answered Nydia. "I must go to Ione. I am not free."

"Will Ione be angry with you? She is so gentle—Come tomorrow."

"I will do that."

"Come! Come!" said Diomed, and Julia was forced to go without asking the question which she most wanted to ask. She wanted to ask, "Is Glaucus going to marry Ione?"

B. The door of Diomed's house stood open. Medon, the old slave, sat at the bottom of the steps.

A young woman carrying a water-pot came up the road. "Your son is a gladiator, isn't he?" she said. "Perhaps he will fight a lion."

"Think of your own danger before you talk about my poor boy's death," said Medon angrily.

"My own danger?" said the girl. "What danger?"

"The earthquake, two nights ago, showed you the things which will come. It had a voice; it said 'Prepare for death. The end of all things is near.'"

"You talk like one of those Christians," said the girl. "Perhaps you are one of them. I pray the gods to send us a Christian to fight the lion."

Medon sat sadly, thinking of his son. "My poor son," he thought. "Is he to be killed to please the people in the arena?"

A young man came to the gate, then stood in front of Medon: "Father!"

"My boy! My Lydon! I was just thinking of you."

C. "I hope I may be with you always," said Lydon,

"not only in your thoughts. I am sure I shall win my fight in the arena and so get enough money to buy your freedom."

"No! No!" said Medon. "That is wrong! The gold which you would get would cost the other man his life. You must not buy my freedom with the price of blood."

"You are talking like those Christians. Don't talk to me about what they believe. The gods made me strong, but did not give me understanding. Think! Against whom will I fight? Against men who are like beasts. They have learnt only one thing—how to kill each other. Even your God will think that I am right in my plan."

"What do you mean?"

"When I was a child I was sold as a slave in Rome. My master set me free. I hurried to Pompeii to see you. I found you old and a slave to a rich and foolish man. I had no money to set you free, but I was young and strong, and I learned that the money won by a gladiator in a fight would pay for your freedom. So I became a gladiator."

"Oh, if you could listen to Olinthus!"

"Come! Give me your blessing."

"Bless you, my brave boy, and may the Power that reads all hearts see how good and brave you are, and forgive the wrong which you may do."

Lydon went back down the hill to the city.

"May I come in," said a sweet voice. "Is the lady Julia at home?"

"Ah! Nydia," said Medon. He led her into the house and called a woman-slave.

D. Julia sat in her room with her slaves around her. The room was in the lower part of the house, looking

out over the garden. On the table in front of her there was a small looking-glass and many bottles of sweet-smelling oil, paints, brushes, jewels, and gold pins.

She was sitting lazily there while her hair-dresser arranged her hair. An old slave stood by giving orders to the young woman who was doing the work:

"Put that pin a little more to the right—lower! fool, lower! Now put in the flowers."

"Gently!" said Julia, angrily. "You are pulling my hair out!"

"Now the band of gold—There! Now look, my Julia, and see how beautiful you are."

"Read me a love-poem," said Julia.

Just then Nydia was brought into the room.

"I have come as you ordered me," said Nydia.

"Good!" said Julia. "Sit down." She then told her slaves to go away.

"I believe that you are serving the lady Ione."

"Yes, for the present."

"Does Glaucus visit her much?"

"Every day."

"Oh! Does he think her so beautiful?"

"Yes, I suppose so, as they are soon to be married."

"Married!" said Julia. "To be married! Soon!"

Nydia could not see the anger in her eyes, but Julia's voice told her how deeply she was wounded.

E. At last Julia spoke. "You are from Thessaly. That country is well known for its magic. Do you know of—of any magic which can cause a person to love?—Can you make a *love-potion*—some liquid which may be poured into a person's wine secretly?"

"I!" said Nydia. "I! How should I? No, certainly not!"

"I would give you enough money to buy your freedom if you could get one."

"But," said Nydia, "you have so much beauty and such riches that you do not need magic. They are enough."

"They are enough for all except one person in the world." Then she said, "Of course that is not Glaucus."—This was not true: it was Glaucus, but she would not tell the truth. "I thought that you might have learned some magic in Thessaly."

"No," said Nydia sadly. "I wish that I had!" Julia could not know the thought that was in Nydia's mind, Nydia's own love for Glaucus.

F. "Have you heard of an Egyptian magician in this city?" asked Julia.

"Of course. All the people of Pompeii have heard of Arbaces."

"Is it true that he was killed in the earthquake?"

"Oh no! He was wounded. He has been ill; but he is not dead."

"Can I visit him?"

"No! No! No one who is young and beautiful should go to that house."

"I shall not go there at night. I shall go by day. Can I not go there by day?"

"In daylight, in his present weakness you would have less to fear," said Nydia. She too wished to know about this magic love-potion.

"Come here tomorrow. I will tell you what I have learnt from Arbaces. I may want you to do something for me."

Eighteen

JULIA VISITS ARBACES

A. Arbaces was seated in his room; the doors opened on to the garden. He was still weak, but much better than he had been.

A boy-slave entered: "A woman wishes to see you."

"A woman! Is she young?"

"I cannot see her face; but I think that she is young."

"Let her come in."

The woman entered. No! It was not Ione as Arbaces had hoped, but a woman who was nearly as tall and about the same age.

"I am sorry," said Arbaces, "that I cannot stand up to meet you. I have been ill. What can I do for you?"

"I am an unhappy woman and I have come to learn from your wisdom."

"What have you come to learn?"

"To learn about love."

"You have no money, and you desire the love of some rich man? Is that it?"

"No. I am rich, richer than the man."

"You love him, and he does not love you? You want a love-potion to make him love you? Is that what you want?"

"I do not know if I love him, but I want to take him away from that other woman and to laugh at her."

"Is he a man of Pompeii?"

"No. He is from Athens, an Athenian."

"From Athens! Ha! Is he Glaucus?"

B. "He is," said Julia.—"Will you help me?"

Arbaces was silent. At first he had laughed secretly at this foolish woman, but now he thought, "This may be a way of paying back Glaucus for what Glaucus has done to me."

"I see that you cannot help me," said Julia, angry at his silence. "But I ask you to keep my secret.—I will leave you."

"Wait!" said Arbaces. "I would like to help you. I do not know anything about magic love-potions, but I know of someone who does. There is a Wise Woman who lives near the bottom of Vesuvius. Perhaps she can do what you wish. In a few days I shall be stronger and will take you to her."

C. "Glaucus is to be married early next month," said Julia.

"He is to be married! So soon! Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. I was told it by the woman's own slave."

"That shall not be!" cried Arbaces. "Do not be afraid. You shall have Glaucus. But when you have got the potion, how will you give it to him?"

"My father has asked Glaucus and the woman also to a feast on the day after tomorrow. This would give me the chance."

"Ah!" cried Arbaces. "Now I will tell you what to do. Two miles outside the city there is a Bath-house and a garden. Many of the rich people of Pompeii go there in the evening to drink wine. In the garden there is a statue

of Silenus. Meet me there tomorrow and, as soon as it is dark, I will lead you to the Wise Woman's house."

When Arbaces was alone, he laughed. "So Glaucus will never marry Ione; and Ione shall be mine!"

Nineteen

THE WISE WOMAN OF VESUVIUS

A. Glaucus and Ione with a woman-slave went out in a carriage to see the remains of a Greek temple outside the city. It was near the foot of Vesuvius. It was evening when they turned to go home.

Sudden storms were common in that part of Italy. As they drove home, dark clouds came over the sky and heavy drops of rain fell.

"Faster! Faster!" said Glaucus to the driver. "The storm is coming on quickly."

The road was covered with big stones, and in some places there were rocks.

"Faster! Faster!" cried Glaucus. The carriage struck a rock; a wheel came off and the carriage fell over on its side.

Glaucus helped Ione to get out. They were far from the city. "What shall we do now?" said Ione.

"There is a man who lives about a mile from here," said the driver. "He could fix the wheel on again."

"Bring him as quickly as you can," said Glaucus, "and we will find some cave in which we can wait till it is ready."

B. The driver ran off. Glaucus looked round and saw a

little red light not far away. He could just see it through the rain. He led Ione and the slave towards it.

At last they stood at the mouth of a cave. A fire was burning inside and a pot hung over it.

A very old woman was sitting on the far side of the fire. She did not move. The firelight shone upon a face so white, so lifeless that they thought that she was dead.

"Go away! Go away!" cried the slave. "She is the Wise Woman of Vesuvius!"

"Who are you?" said the woman in a deep voice. "Why have you come here?"

"We have come to get out of the storm. May we sit by your fire?"

"Come to the fire if you wish.—Tell me, are you brother and sister?"

"No," said Ione.

"Are you married?"

"Not yet," said Glaucus.

"Ha! You love each other—Ha! Ha! Ha!" She laughed long and loud.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Glaucus.

"Did I laugh?"

Glaucus turned to Ione: "She is old and silly."

"I am not! I am wise, the Wise Woman of Vesuvius."

"Don't make her angry, Glaucus," said Ione.

C. "Ha! Glaucus—Glaucus," said the Wise Woman. "Is that your name?—I laughed, Glaucus, because when I look on young hearts like yours, I think of the time when you will no longer love, but quarrel and fight. Ha! Ha! But why have you come to me? Only the unhappy come to me, those who wish to hurt an enemy, those unhappy

Glaucus saw a snake under the seat of the Wise Woman

in love. For them I have magic; but I have nothing for the happy except laughter because their happiness will end so soon."

Glaucus saw a *snake* under the seat of the Wise Woman. It raised its head and moved towards him. Nearer! and nearer!

"Call that snake away—call it back!"

She laughed: "It will not hurt you."

Glaucus struck the snake and it fell into the fire.

The Wise Woman stood up.

She spoke slowly, fixing her eyes upon Glaucus.

"You have killed the one thing which loved me. You are cursed. My curse is upon you. May your love be broken! May your heart be dried up! May your mind be destroyed, so that you become *mad*. May you in your last hour remember me and my curse!"

"Oh Glaucus! What have we done!—Forgive him! Take this gold and call back your curse. He did not mean to hurt your snake."

"Come, dearest," said Glaucus. "She cannot hurt us. The gods will not listen to her foolish words."

They hurried away.

The storm had ended. The wheel had been put back on the carriage and they drove back to the city. As they came to the gate they saw another carriage coming out.

"It is too late to go out," said the soldier at the gate. "Who are you?"

"I am Arbaces." The soldier let him pass.

"Arbaces!" said Glaucus. "Where is he going at this hour?"

Twenty

ARBACES AND THE WISE WOMAN

A. The storm had ended: the moon shone high and clear in the sky. Arbaces saw the same light which had guided Glaucus and Ione to the Wise Woman's cave.

The old woman was sitting as before; the snake lay at her feet on a bed of leaves; it was still alive and moving in pain and anger.

"Stand up!" said Arbaces. "I am Arbaces the Egyptian!"

She threw herself at his feet: "Greatest of all magicians!"

"You may sit. I have need of you."

"How can I serve you? Order me! I am your slave!"

"You know the secrets of plants which can put an end to life, or change the heart and mind. Is that so?"

"Yes. I have studied these things for many years, ever since I was a child."

"Tomorrow night a foolish young woman will come to you asking for a love-potion which will bring to her the love of a young man who loves another woman. Instead of what she asks, give her something which will cause his death."

"Oh, my master! I dare not do that! The officers of the law will find out; they will seize me and kill me."

"This man is named Glaucus. He must die!"

"Glaucus!" said the Wise Woman. She remembered the

name of the man who had come to the cave that same evening, the man whom she had cursed. But to kill him—that would be too dangerous.

"I dare not cause his death," she said; "but I can give something which will destroy his mind. Will that do what you wish?"

"Yes!" said Arbaces. "A living death, a life without mind, that would be better, and there is less danger in that. Take this bag of gold. Tomorrow night we shall meet again when I bring the woman to you."

When Arbaces had gone, the Wise Woman laughed. "He called me old and silly; he struck my snake, I cursed him—and he shall be cursed!"

B. The rich young man Clodius and his friend Sallust were standing near the gateway of the Bath as Julia arrived.

"I think," said Clodius, "that those slaves are the slaves of Diomed."

"Yes, they are bringing Julia, his daughter, here," answered Sallust. "She is rich. Why do you not try to make her your wife?"

"I once thought that Glaucus would marry her, and it is clear that she still loves him."

"Come," said Sallust. "Let us go in; the wine is waiting for us."

Nydia asked Julia to take her with her when she met Arbaces. "I shall tell Ione that you have asked me to spend the night with you. She knows that you have been my friend."

Julia and Nydia went into the garden, keeping away

from the public part. They reached the statue of Silenus.

"I do not see Arbaces," said Julia. As she spoke, Arbaces came out from among the trees.

"Dear lady Julia," he said. "But who is this? We must have no one with us."

"It is only the blind flower-girl. She is from Thessaly, the land of magic."

"Oh, Nydia. I know her well." He drew her aside. "You have been in my house, Nydia. You know what you promised there in the name of the gods.—You promised to be silent, and to keep secrets. Let it be so now!"

Then he spoke to Julia. "Julia, can you not trust yourself alone with me? The Wise Woman does not like to have too many visitors at one time. Let Nydia wait here until we return."

Nydia's fear of Arbaces was such that she was glad to keep away from him.

She waited.

C. Time passed. At last Julia returned. "Come, Nydia; let us go at once. I have the love-potion. He will forget that other woman: Glaucus will love me—only me!"

"Glaucus!" cried Nydia.

"Yes. I said that it was not Glaucus; but now I may trust you and tell you the truth."

Nydia was silent. She did not know what to say. So she had helped Julia to take Glaucus away from Ione! But that was not what she had meant to do.

When they reached Diomed's house, they went into Julia's room.

"Drink this wine, Nydia," said Julia. "You must be cold."

"Let me see the potion," said Nydia. "Let me hold it in my hand." Julia gave Nydia a small bottle made of green glass. What colour is the potion inside it?" asked Nydia.

"It is clear, like water; and the Wise Woman says that it has no taste and no smell."

"Does it act at once?"

"Usually; but sometimes after a few hours."

"And does it matter who gives it to him?"

"No. Even if it were the ugliest woman in the world, Glaucus would think her beautiful."

Nydia gave back the love-potion to Julia. There was a pretty little glass bottle set with jewels on the table. Nydia took it up and felt it with her fingers. "Oh," she said, "what a pretty little thing. May I have it?"

"Yes, yes," said Julia. "Do take it. I have many others much better than that."

They went to bed. Julia was very tired and soon fell into a deep sleep. Nydia waited; then she got up very quietly. She poured away the sweet-smelling oil from the bottle which Julia gave her, and washed it out carefully. Then she put her hand very gently into Julia's bed and took the love-potion. She poured it into her jewelled bottle: then she filled the other bottle with water and put it back with Julia.

Day came. The sun had risen, but Julia was still asleep. Nydia left the house and walked back to Ione's house. "O hope! O joy!" she thought. "Glaucus will be mine!"

Twenty-One

FEAST AT THE HOUSE OF DIOMED

A. Sallust and Glaucus walked together to the feast at Diomed's house.

"Diomed is not a gentleman," said Sallust. "He is a common fellow; but he has good wine and a beautiful daughter.—I enjoy good wine. It brings me new life!"

"You take plenty of it," said Glaucus. "It brings you new life at night, but you feel like death on the next morning."

"Next morning?—I'm not fit for anything next morning; but I don't get up until midday; so really there is no next morning."

Diomed received them at the top of the steps.

"Friend Glaucus," he said, "you are a Greek; the hall in which we shall eat is Grecian. I hope you will like it."

"Look!" said Sallust. "There is the lady Julia."

Julia's dress was of shining white cloth with lines of gold in it. Her jewels were wonderful.

Pansa the Aedile came; and Clodius, the foolish young man whom we met in the gladiators' wine-shop. Others arrived and they went into the Grecian hall for the feast.

Glaucus stood by one of the windows before they sat down. Julia was at his side.

"I have not seen you lately," she said. "We were once friends."

"Indeed," said Glaucus, "we are still friends."

"Tell me, is it true that you love Ione? You are going to marry her?"

"I hope to do so, but I am still your friend."

"But even while you are speaking to me your eyes are looking for Ione and you are in a hurry to join her."

Ione had just come in and Glaucus had seen her.

"Because I love one woman, that does not mean that another cannot be my friend."

"No," said Julia, "of course not. So, as a friend, may I give a present to you and Ione? That is usual when a friend gets married."

"I thank you, Julia; that is indeed kind."

"Come with me to my room after the feast, and I will give it to you."

B. When the feast ended Glaucus went to Julia's room and found her sitting there.

"Glaucus," she said, "I see that you really love Ione. She is indeed beautiful."

"Yes," said Glaucus. "I love Ione. Among all those who seek your love may you find one who loves you as deeply as I love Ione."

"I pray the gods that this may be so. Look, Glaucus, these jewels are the present which I wish to give to Ione."

She put the box in his hand. Then she said, "Drink with me to her health and happiness." She touched the cup with her mouth and then gave it to Glaucus.

She watched him. The Wise Woman had told her that she might not see any change at once.

Glaucus put the cup down and went on talking in the same gentle way as before. She kept him as long as she

could, but saw no change; so at last she said good-night to him and he left her.

"But tomorrow!" she thought. "Tomorrow! What a change there will be in him then!"

Twenty-Two

NYDIA AND THE LOVE-POTION

A. When Glaucus came home he found Nydia sitting in the garden. She had hoped that he would return before night. Indeed the first stars were just beginning to show in the deep blue of the evening sky when he came.

"My child," he said, "are you waiting for me?"

"I have been working in the garden and have just sat down to rest."

"It has been warm," said Glaucus. "Please call the slave; I want a cool drink."

Here was the chance which Nydia had waited for! "I will prepare it for you myself. I know just the drink which Ione loves. I will make it for you."

"Thank you," said Glaucus. "If Ione loves it, I shall like it whatever it is."

Nydia came back after a few minutes and Glaucus took the cup from her hand. He had drunk half of it when he looked up and saw the change in Nydia's face.

"Why, Nydia! Nydia!" he cried. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

He put the cup down. Then he had a strange feeling in his head. The floor seemed to move under his feet. Then a wild happiness filled him. He felt as if he could fly up into the

air. He began to laugh—a loud, unending laugh. The pictures on the wall seemed to move and laugh with him! Meaningless words poured from his mouth. He was in an unreal world of his own; he was mad.

B. Nydia ran to Glaucus; she threw her arms round him. "Oh, speak to me!—Glaucus, Glaucus, do you not know me? Do not talk so wildly!"

He put his hand on Nydia's hair; he looked at her face, and this brought to him the thought of Ione.

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Ione is so beautiful! I love her more than all the world; but she does not love me. You do not love me, Ione. I have waited under your window, but Arbaces has spoken to you against me. He has told untruths about me. Oh, do not leave me now. Ione! Ione!—Ah! A dark cloud rises between us. It is Arbaces."

"Glaucus! Glaucus!" cried Nydia.

"Who is that calling me? It is Ione. They have carried her away. I will save her. Where is my stilus—my pen. Ah! I have it. I am coming, Ione! I am coming to save you!"

The *stilus* was a pointed steel bar used for writing on a piece of wood covered with bees' wax. Romans carried a stilus with them as we now carry a pen or pencil.

Most of the people thought that Glaucus was drunk as he ran along the road, and laughed at him; but those who looked twice drew back in fear. He came to the Grove of Cybele in which Olinthus had first met Apaecides,—and which Arbaces had told Calenus to watch.

Twenty-Three

MURDER

A. [A *murderer* is a person who kills someone, not by chance, but meaning to do so.]

Arbaces wanted to know if Julia had given the "love-potion" to Glaucus—and what had happened. So, as evening came on, he set out to go to Diomed's house. Like the Romans, he carried his stilus (his steel pen) with him.

It was bright moonlight. The moon shone upon the little temple of Cybele and made deep shadows under the trees in the Grove. Calenus moved quickly through the shadows and reached the temple; from here he could watch Apaecides if he came to meet anybody. He hid himself in the shadow. Then he heard steps.

Arbaces entered the Grove of Cybele, and at the same time Apaecides came for his meeting with Olinthus. Their paths crossed.

"Ha! Apaecides!" said Arbaces. "When last we met you were my enemy. I have wanted to see you because I do not wish to lose you as a friend. My love for Ione is unchanged: I wish to ask her forgiveness."

Apaecides turned: "You have escaped death, but you shall not escape me. Even now I am preparing to make known to all men the sort of life which you lead. Those feasts, that speaking statue! Men will laugh at the temple of Isis, and know you for what you are."

B. Arbaces looked round to make sure that no one was near; then he said, "Be careful! Wait before you answer me. Is this some plan which you have made? Or are you saying this only in anger?"

"I am the servant of the True God, and my words are the words which He has put into my mouth. Before three days have passed you will know all."

Arbaces could see his danger—not only to his love for Ione, but to his good name in Pompeii, even to his life. He took his stilus in his hand. He looked round quickly. No one was near.

"Die!" he cried, and he drove the stilus into the heart of Apaecides.

C. Arbaces cleaned the stilus on the coat of the dead man, and was just going away when he saw a man coming up the path, going from side to side as if he was drunk. The moonlight shone on his face; it was Glaucus.

"Ha!" he thought, "Glaucus has had the potion! Now I can deal with two enemies at once."

Glaucus saw the body. He laughed. "Fool! You must not sleep in the moonlight. Wake up! Wake up!" He tried to lift the body.

Arbaces struck Glaucus so that he fell across the body of Apaecides; then he shouted: "Murder! Murder! Help! Help!" He put his foot on Glaucus, who lay there making meaningless sounds in his madness. He took Glaucus's stilus; he covered it with blood and put it down beside Glaucus.

People came running to the place. "Lift up the body," said Arbaces, "and guard well the murderer."

They raised the body and saw that this was a priest of

He took his stilus in his hand

the goddess Isis. A priest of Isis! Murdered! They were even more surprised when they saw that the murderer was the rich and well-known Athenian. "Glaucus! It is not possible. We cannot believe it!"

"I would rather believe that the Egyptian was the murderer," said one man.

A centurion (an officer of the Roman army) appeared.

"What's this? What's all this?—Murder! Who is the murderer?"

The people pointed to Glaucus.

"He! He looks half-dead himself. Who says that he is the murderer?"

"I do," said Arbaces. "I saw Glaucus and the priest talking. Glaucus was talking very loud and acting strangely, as if he was drunk—or mad. I saw him raise his stilus. I ran forward, too late to stop him. He killed the priest and was standing over him. I struck him and he fell. I did not strike him hard; that is what makes me think that he was drunk, or mad. He fell so easily."

D. "His eyes are open," said the centurion. "Speak, prisoner. What have you got to say about this?"

"I am ill. I am ill. Take me to bed and send for a doctor. My body is burning and my mind is on fire."

"Poor fellow," said the centurion. "He is mad, and in his madness he killed the priest. Has anyone seen him today?"

"Yes," said a man. "He passed my wine-shop and spoke to me. He seemed quite well then."

"I saw him half an hour ago coming up the street talking to himself and acting strangely, just as the Egyptian said."

"So it must be true," said the centurion. "I must take him away. This is a terrible thing—a priest of Isis and just in front of our Temple of Cybele."

"Take him away—to prison," shouted the people.

The voice of a young woman was heard—the woman who had talked to Medon: "Now we shall have a prisoner to fight the lion."

E. A tall man forced his way through the crowd. It was Olinthus. He looked down at the body.

"Murdered!" he said. "So, Apaecides, they discovered your plan. Murder! And who is the murderer? Arbaces, you! You are the man!"

Arbaces turned to the crowd. "I know this fellow! He is a leader of the Christians. How dare he say that I am a murderer!"

"We know him," shouted several men. "He is Olinthus, the Christian. He does not believe in our gods."

"Hear me!" said Olinthus. "This murdered priest of Isis had become a Christian. He told me about what was done in the Temple of Isis and in the house of Arbaces. He was going to tell these things in public. Who would fear him most?—Arbaces!"

"Can you prove this?" said the centurion. "Will you say in the name of the goddess Cybele that these things are true?"

"I do not believe in your goddess." He went into the Temple and threw the wooden statue to the ground. "See! Your goddess is just a piece of wood. Do you pray to that?"

This was a terrible thing!—to throw down the statue of the goddess. The crowd ran forward to seize him; but

the centurion stopped them: "I shall take both of them to prison."

A priest of Isis came forward: "This body must be taken to the Temple of Isis. He was a priest of that Temple."

Arbaces looked at him; it was Calenus. He said to himself, "Can he have seen me?"

Twenty-Four

ARBACES SEES DANGER

A. Arbaces sat in his upper room. The table was covered with maps of the stars. He pushed the maps aside; he did not need the stars to tell him of his danger.

"Ione is a danger. She is half-mad with fear for Glaucus, and anger at those who say he did the murder. She is going about saying, 'It is not true! Glaucus could not have killed my brother. He could not have done it!' And people are saying, 'What made him mad? He is a strong young man: he does not drink too much or do any wild and foolish things.' It was just after the feast at Diomed's house, but Julia will not speak. Let Glaucus write a letter, saying 'I was mad. I do not know what happened.' Then there will be no more questions. He did it in his madness; so the judges will let him go free, but send him back to Athens; and Ione will be left to me."

He stood up. "I am a friend of Glaucus, and guardian of Ione. I shall ask the *Praetor*, the chief law-officer of this city, to give me an order so that I may see Glaucus, and an order to take Ione into my care."

B. Clodius and Diomed were standing near the steps which led up to the office of the Praetor. Arbaces came out.

"What does he want with the Praetor?" said Clodius.

"I suppose the Praetor wishes to ask him about the murder," said Diomed. "It is a terrible thing! Why did Glaucus do it? My poor Julia is ill and will not come out of her room. He was one of her best friends."

"Ah, Clodius," said Arbaces. "Can you tell me the way to the house of Sallust? Glaucus, the murderer, is held there. I hear that he is no longer mad, but very weak and ill. I am his friend and have an order from the Praetor to see him."

Arbaces reached the house. Someone was lying at the foot of the steps so that he could not go up.

"Get up! Move aside!" he said. "I wish to pass.—Why! Nydia! What are you doing here?"

"O Arbaces! Save him. He is ill—perhaps he is dying, and I am the cause. It is the potion which caused his madness. I have a secret; I must tell you." Arbaces went past her into the house.

Arbaces sat down by the bed where Glaucus lay.

"Glaucus," he said, "we have been enemies, but I come to you tonight as a friend—to save your life. I know what you have done, but I know that it was done when you were mad. You did not see that the man was a priest; you did not know that it was Apaecides. You thought that it was some beast—or perhaps a man trying to kill you. Put your name to this paper and your life may be saved."

Glaucus took the paper in his hand. "What words are these! They say that I murdered Apaecides! Never! I saw him on the ground; I saw the blood. Are you trying to

make me say that I killed him? The brother of Ione! Never."

"Read it. It may save you from the lions."

"I! the murderer of Ione's brother! Never!"

He threw the paper down. "Go! Never let me see your face again!"

C. As Arbaces went out into the street Nydia threw her arms round him. "Will you save him?"

Arbaces raised her to her feet. "This child is a danger," he thought. "Follow me home," he said, "I wish to speak to you."

Nydia told her story. "... He may be dying," she said. "I may have killed him, the man whom I love more than anyone in the world, more than my own life!"

"This," thought Arbaces, "may be very dangerous. Julia would not tell about the potion; but this girl might, and so lead on to the Wise Woman, and so to me."

"My child," he said, "you must rest here for some days. I will do what I can to save him."

He called a slave. Then he led Nydia to a small room at the back of the house. "Rest here," he said. He shut the door, then turned to the slave. "Sosia," he said, "this girl is in your care. Give her all that she needs, but do not let her go away. Do not let her escape."

Ione came out of her house. She was on her way to the Praetor to get an order allowing her to see Glaucus. As she came to the corner of the street she saw a tall man standing there. He turned. She gave a cry. It was Arbaces. He came to her and spoke.

"Dear Ione," he said. "I am your guardian. The Praetor

"Slaves!" he said. "Carry her to my house."

has given me an order to take care of you in this difficult time when the man whom you love is tried in the court for the murder of your brother. That is too much for you to bear without my help."

"Go!" she cried. "You killed my brother. Am I to be put into the care of your bloody hands?"

"You do not know what you are saying; but I forgive you."

He put his arm round her. "Come! I have the Praetor's order." She drew back, and looked into his face. "Ha!" she cried. "The law! Wonderful guardian!"

The world around her became black. She fell, as if lifeless, on the ground.

"Slaves!" he said. "Carry her to my house."

Twenty-Five

PLAN OF ESCAPE

A. Nydia was left there, hour after hour. Arbaces did not come back. She felt the walls of her prison to find some way of escape. There was none. She called, louder and louder. The slave, Sosia, came at last.

"Why are you making so much noise? Be quiet!"

"Where is your master? Why am I shut in here?"

"Arbaces has given orders."

"But why? Why am I kept here?"

"I do not know—unless it is to serve your lady, Ione, who was brought here today."

"What! Is Ione here? Please take me to her!"

"She is ill; she is mad with anger. I have no orders to

take you to her. But, if you want someone to talk to, I will stay and you can talk to me. I am all alone in my little room. You are from Thessaly, are you not? You know a bit of magic—looking at hands, telling what is going to happen, and that sort of thing. Tell me about the future."

"You can tell me what is happening to Glaucus," said Nydia.

"Arbaces has gone to his trial in the law-court. He is being tried for the murder of Apaecides. Of course he will be thrown to the lion in the arena. Arbaces saw the murder; he saw him do it.—I must go now and do my work in the house."

He left her.

B. Nydia thought: "Arbaces is saying that Glaucus was the murderer. Arbaces has made me a prisoner here. He has kept me here because he thinks that I might be able to help Glaucus. So I must think of some way of escape. What way? Sosia must help me. How can I make him do that?

She thought about what Sosia had said: 'You are from Thessaly. You know a bit of magic—telling what is going to happen and that sort of thing.' He is a foolish fellow: he would believe anything.—I have a plan! Night is the only time for my escape. I know what I shall do!"

Sosia came next morning.

"You asked me about magic," she said. "Yes; I am from Thessaly and I have learnt some."

"Ah! Can you tell what will happen, which gladiator will win his fight? Can you tell me how I can get enough

money to buy my freedom? Can you tell me if I shall ever be free? Can you?"

"Oh yes," said Nydia. "I think I can do that; but it must be done at night. And you must help me."

"It won't be dangerous?"

"No. Come here three hours after the sun has set: bring a pot of clear water from the stream just outside the small door into the garden. Leave the gate open so that the Goddess of the Stream may come in. Then I will call upon her to show you the answers to your questions in the water."

"I will do that. Water from the stream. Leave the door open. Three hours after sunset."

"That's right.—What is happening at the trial?"

"They are talking.—Talk, talk, talk, but there is no doubt what the end will be."

"And Ione? Is her room near this?"

"No. She is in the upper rooms. She is well. I saw Arbaces come out of her room with blood running down his face and he looked very angry. So I am sure that she is well and strong.—Here is your breakfast. I must go now. Three hours after sunset!"

Twenty-Six

"I SAW YOU KILL HIM!"

A. This was the night on which Nydia had planned to escape.

Calenus came to the garden gate; he had the key but he was surprised to see it open. He went in and shut it.

"Now!" he said. "I have the life of Arbaces in my

power. What is his life worth to him? How much will he pay me?—He must pay all that I ask!"

"Ho! Calenus," said Arbaces coming down the steps from the house. "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes. May we go into your room?"

"No; it is nice and cool here in the garden. We are alone and can talk here. This garden looks beautiful in the moonlight."

"It is a beautiful garden," said Calenus. "And you have a beautiful house. You have money, health—everything. You have all that you can wish. And now your enemy is in your power, and you will have Ione, too."

"You mean Glaucus? He is a murderer; he is in the power of the law."

"Is he a murderer?" said Calenus. "You know that he is not. I was in the Grove of Cybele, hidden among the trees. I heard all that was said. I saw you kill him."

"You were alone?"

"Yes."

"Have you told anyone about this?"

"No."

"Why have you waited so long?" asked Arbaces. "I suppose you wanted me to speak against Glaucus in the trial and then, when you tell your story, I shall be thrown to the lion instead of Glaucus. The people must have a prisoner for the lion. Is that it? Is that your plan?"

"You read my mind like a book."

"Well, when it is all finished, I will make you rich."

"If you wish me to be silent, you must pay me something now—and more later. I have heard that those little steps lead to an underground room, full of gold. You can easily give me enough of it to make me the richest

priest in Pompeii, and still have more than you can need."

"Come, Calenus," said Arbaces. "You shall come with me and see the gold."

"See it?"

"Yes, and take away as much as you can carry. When Glaucus is dead, you may come again for more. It would be foolish to hurt anyone who can do so much for you. I will get a lamp."

B. Arbaces led the way carrying a small lamp. They went down some steps, then along for some distance. Then Calenus saw some other steps.

"Where do those steps go? To some prison or some storehouse?"

"Those steps," said Arbaces, "go up into the house. We turn to the right here." Arbaces laughed. "Tomorrow," he said, "Glaucus will be a prisoner waiting to be given to the lion. To think that one word of yours could save him and put me in his place!"

"That word," said Calenus, "shall never be spoken."

They came to a small door set deep in the wall. Arbaces opened it with the key which he always carried with him.

"Enter, my friend," said Arbaces. "Feast your eyes on all that gold—boxes of gold, bags of gold."

Calenus quickly went in. A strong hand threw him forward.

"That word shall never be spoken!" said Arbaces as he shut the door.

"Let me free! Let me free! I ask nothing!"

Arbaces laughed. The cries of Calenus could be heard all the way back as Arbaces returned. "He will soon be

silent—in a few hours, or a few days: there is very little air in that room!"

Twenty-Seven

ESCAPE OF NYDIA

A. "Well, Sosia," said Nydia, "are you quite ready?"

"Yes; here is the water. I took it from the stream outside the gate."

"And have you left the gate open?"

"Yes; it is open."

"Put the water here. Leave the door of this room open a little so that the goddess may come in—Now give me the lamp."

"You aren't going to put out the lamp, are you?"

"No; but I must say magic words over it. Sit down. Now give me your cloth: I must put it over your face and eyes—Can you see now?"

"No. Nothing but darkness."

"I shall call upon the goddess to come to you. She will not come at once, but when she comes you will hear a movement on the water, as if it was boiling. Then ask your questions. Take the cloth off your eyes and you will see the answer. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Now don't be in a hurry. Don't take the cloth off your eyes too soon or the goddess will go away and will never come back—O Goddess, come into this water from your stream! Come, Goddess, come!"

B. Sosia waited. He prayed silently to the goddess. He waited—and waited. No sound came from the water. He waited, and prayed again. He thought that he heard a sound at the door behind him. "Ah! She is coming! Come, Goddess of the Stream, into the water and answer my questions." But nothing happened. At last he said, "I will wait no longer. She does not hear me; she has gone on a journey—or gone to someone else."

He took the cloth off his eyes.

"What! Nydia! The lamp has gone. Where are you? You have gone too!"

He felt his way to the door; it was shut from the outside. He was a prisoner. He dared not cry out; Arbaces would hear him and beat him for letting Nydia escape. Tomorrow morning the other slaves would come and find him. Till then—silence!

"Oh what a fool I am! Oh, that blind girl! If ever I see her again—if ever I catch her!"

Nydia went out into the garden and was feeling her way silently, very quickly, towards the gate. Then she heard footsteps. Who could it be so late at night? She heard the voice of Arbaces. He was between her and the gate; she could not escape that way. But, she remembered, there was perhaps another way—those steps leading down by which women could be brought secretly into the house for the feasts.

She moved quickly away from the sound of Arbaces and came to the steps. She went down, and along and came to the steps going to the left, to the secret door into the house. She could not open it! (Arbaces had the key and had shut it.)

C. She heard footsteps, behind her, and the voice of Calenus: "Where do those steps go to? To some prison or some storehouse?" She heard Arbaces answer: "Those steps go up into the house. We turn to the right here." And then she heard him laugh: "Tomorrow Glaucus will be a prisoner waiting to be given to the lion. To think that a word of yours could save him and put me in his place!"

"Glaucus will be sent to the arena!" thought Nydia, "and there is someone who can save him!"

She listened. She heard a door opened; she heard it shut, and the cries of Calenus; then Arbaces' footsteps as he went away. She went to the door from which she heard the cries; she put her mouth close to it and said, "Calenus! Calenus! Listen!"

"Who is that?"

"Nydia, the blind girl. Listen!"

"O save me! Save me! I will give you everything I have—all my money, everything."

"I do not want your money. I want your secret. Is it true that you can save Glaucus?"

"Yes. I saw the murder. I saw Arbaces kill the man."

"And you will say this, in the name of the gods? You will say it to the Praetor?"

"Yes! Yes! Go to the Praetor. Bring soldiers and men to break down this door. Quickly! There is not much air in this room."

"Lie quiet and you will not use it so quickly. I will come back as soon as I can."

D. Arbaces was just getting ready for bed, when he thought about Nydia. "Calenus is safe!" he thought. "He

will never speak that word! But Nydia is a danger; she must not escape." He called a slave. "Callias," he said, "go to Sosia and tell him that he must not let Nydia go out of that room—not for any reason."

Callias went to Sosia's own room; he was not there. So he went to Nydia's room; he called, and heard Sosia's voice from inside. "Oh, Callias. Thank the gods you have come! Open the door."

Sosia came out.

"I was sent by Arbaces to tell you not to let her out. Where is she?"

Sosia told how Nydia had escaped. "And now what can I do? By this time she may be anywhere in Pompeii. The garden gate was open. She told me to leave it open."

"No; it was not open at that time. I went into the garden to get some plants. I saw Arbaces with Calenus in the garden. Calenus came in by that gate; he has a key. He shut the gate behind him."

"Then she is still in the garden! Let us go at once and find her."

Nydia had come up the steps from the underground room and was feeling her way towards the garden gate.

"Wait, Callias," said Sosia. "Let us watch her. She has come to the gate. She is trying to open it.—Ha! I have you! You shall not escape again."

"Stop her mouth," said Callias. "They will hear those cries in the house and Arbaces will learn that you let her go out of that room."

Twenty-Eight

NYDIA SENDS A LETTER

A. Nydia was a prisoner again. There seemed to be no hope. Sosia brought food to her.

"Kind Sosia," she said; "do sit with me for a little. Don't be afraid; I shall not try to escape again. Perhaps I shall be kept here till I die: I am not afraid of death—There! Sit by the door so I cannot get out.—Tell me, what happened at the trial."

"Just what we expected. Glaucus will be given to the lion in the arena. Because he is a gentleman he will be allowed to have a stilus so that he may fight the lion. That will please the people; they will like to watch the fight, but of course he cannot win. Olinthus, the Christian, is in the prison with Glaucus. He will not be allowed a stilus; so his death is certain. I shall not be able to see it, because I am not free and I must stay here with you."

"How much money would you need to buy your freedom?"

"About two thousand sesterces."

"No more than that! Why! This gold which I wear on my arms and round my neck is worth much more than that. I will give it to you——"

"You will give it to me?"

"Yes, if——"

"No! No! No! I cannot let you go free. Arbaces would kill me."

B. "No, you cannot let me go free," said Nydia, "but you can take a letter for me. Arbaces would not kill you for that."

"A letter? Can you write?"

"Yes; my mother taught me before I was a slave."

"So you'll write to the Praetor and ask him to send men to set you free. Arbaces will know that I took the letter.—Oh, no! no!"

"No; I wasn't going to write to the Praetor. I want to write to Sallust, the friend of Glaucus. I love Glaucus more than anyone in the world. I want Sallust to tell Glaucus that I am praying to the gods for him. That may make him strong and brave in his fight with the lion."

"You'll give me all that gold just to take that letter?"

"Yes. You can easily leave here and be back in half an hour. No one will know. Bring me a stilus and a tablet. I will give you the gold when you get back."

So Nydia wrote.

"Here is the letter. Go now; it is already dark; no one can see you. Give the letter into Sallust's own hands, not to anyone else. Promise me that! Into his hands—no one else."

Sosia shut the door carefully and went to Sallust's house.

There were very few people in the streets. Sosia reached the house.

"I have a letter for Sallust," he said to the man at the door.

"Leave it with me."

"No; I have promised to give it into his hand and to no one else."

"Sallust is a great friend of Glaucus; he is drinking

so as to forget his troubles—But you may go in."

Sallust was too sad to have any friends with him, but he could not drink alone. He made one of the servants—a free man—join him.

"Poor Glaucus! Poor dear Glaucus!" he was saying. ". . . Give me another cup of wine. This wine is too cold. Oh, how cold Glaucus will be in the prison. I shall shut up his house tomorrow. None of his slaves and none of mine shall go to the arena—Ho!—Who are you? What do you want?"

"I have come to bring a letter to Sallust. There is no answer."

"A letter! I don't want letters at this time. It's just some girl—. All right, give me the letter. Put it on the table and go!"

"Will you read the letter, Sallust?" said the servant.

"What letter? Oh, I'm going to bed. Help me to get to bed."

Sosia went back: "I have given him the letter."

"Into his own hands?"

"Yes. Into his own hands."

"So," thought Nydia, "there is still hope!"

Twenty-Nine

GLADIATORS IN THE ARENA

A. Everyone put on his best clothes to go to the arena. Arbaces dressed himself with more than usual care—in white and rich blue, with jewels at his neck and jewelled

gold shoes. He was followed by a long line of slaves—all except those guarding Ione and Nydia.

There was no wind; the sun was burning hot; it was so hot, so windless as if waiting for something to happen. Only over Vesuvius a grey cloud could be seen.

The noise of the people in the arena stopped suddenly. Music sounded and a line of gladiators came in. They marched round the arena.

"Oh, who is that very fine young man?" asked the wife of Pansa, the Praetor.

"That is Lydon," answered her friend. "He is young and untried. He is to fight Tetraides. Clodius offers three to one against him."

First there were fights with the *cestus*. The cestus was a heavy covering worn round the hands with which the fighters struck each other. There were six: Balbus fought against Sporus, Lydon fought Tetraides, and the two Roman gladiators fought each other. Tetraides was much bigger and heavier than Lydon, but Lydon was quicker.

B. "Guard yourself!" said Tetraides, moving nearer and nearer to his enemy. Lydon did not answer. Tetraides struck, but Lydon went down suddenly on one knee then quickly came to his feet. It was a long fight; at first it seemed doubtful who would win. Among those watching it was Medon, the father of Lydon. "Oh, my brave boy!" he said.

At last Lydon struck Tetraides so that he fell and was not able to go on with the fight. But a fight with the cestus was not enough to win the price of his father's freedom.

"Lydon may meet the winner of the fight between Nepimus and Eumolpus."

They took their swords and made ready for the fight

Eumolpus was one of the two famous Roman gladiators; Eumolpus was the winner.

After the fights with the cestus, there were fights with *swords*. A Roman gladiator's sword was like a long knife with two sharp edges and a rather long point.

"As you are young and untried," said the Chief Officer of the arena, "you need not fight the Roman. It is as you wish."

"I am not afraid," answered Lydon. "I will fight him."

"Four to one against Lydon!" shouted Clodius. "Ten to one!—Twenty to one! Lydon cannot win."

They took their swords and made ready for the fight.

Just at this time a letter was given to the Praetor. He read it: "It is impossible!" he said "I cannot believe it!"

C. "Your son has a dangerous enemy," said Medon's friend, "but perhaps the people will not allow him to be killed.—Ha! That nearly got him, but he turned it aside. At him again, Lydon!—What are you saying, Medon?"

"Prayers," answered Medon.

"Guard your side, Lydon! Your side! Take care of your side!"

Eumolpus struck Lydon to his knees.

"He is finished!" cried that girl who had spoken to Medon about his son fighting a lion.

"No; he is not wounded," said her friend.

Lydon had fought well; but he was beginning to get tired. They stopped to rest. "Young man," said Eumolpus, "stop trying. I will give you a little wound; then drop your sword and the people will tell me to save your life."

"My father will still be a slave. No! Death—or his freedom."

The fight went on. At last the Roman struck, meaning

only to wound, but Lydon fell forward on to his sword.

He was still alive, but death was near. He looked up at one man among all those hundreds of people, shouting "Brave boy! Save him. He fought bravely." He looked at one face—of an old man with tears running down his face, and he heard one cry—the cry of a broken heart.

"Bring out the lion and Glaucus," said the officer.

Thirty

SALLUST GETS THE LETTER

Sallust woke up; then he remembered that his friend Glaucus would die this day. So he turned over and went to sleep again, so as to forget it. At last, when he could not sleep any more, he sat up. His servant was sitting by the side of his bed.

"Has it begun—in the arena?"

"Yes; a long time ago. Did you not hear the crowds passing in the street, and the music, and the shouting?"

"No; thank the gods! I went to sleep again.—I suppose the gladiators have been a long time in the arena. None of my slaves have gone?"

"No. You gave orders that none were to go."

"That's right. What is that letter, there, on the table?"

"It was brought to you last night, but you were too—"

"Too drunk to read it?—It can't be very important."

"Shall I open it?"

"Oh, yes; anything to stop me thinking about poor Glaucus."

The servant opened the letter. "Oh, Sallust, we ought

to have read this before! It is from Nydia. Listen.

'I am a prisoner in the house of Arbaces. There is another prisoner here; he saw the murder; he can prove that Glaucus did not do it. Come at once; bring men with you, and someone who can open the door of the other prisoner.' "

"Call the slaves!" cried Sallust, jumping out of bed. "We must go at once!—And I will send a letter to the Praetor in the arena to wait for an hour before Glaucus is sent to the lion."

Thirty-One

IN THE ARENA

A. Glaucus and Olinthus had been placed together in the narrow room in which prisoners waited for death in the arena.

"Do you hear the people shouting?" said Olinthus. "They are shouting over the blood of their fellow men."

"I hear," said Glaucus. "My heart grows sick; but the gods help me to bear it."

" 'The gods'," said Olinthus. "There is only one God. I have taught you in this prison; I have wept for you, and I have prayed for you. I have thought more about your soul than my own."

"Brave friend!" answered Glaucus solemnly, "I have listened to you and I would like to believe. If my life were to be longer, I might turn from my gods to your one God. That would be a change which would need time to think; but we have only one hour to live. Do you hear them pull

that heavy body out of the arena past our door? Soon we shall be the same."

He bowed his head in silence. "Strange!" he thought. "The Christian seems to be full of joy at the thought of heaven, while I am only sad at the thought of never seeing Ione again."

B. The door opened. A soldier entered.

"Glaucus, the Athenian, your time has come. The lion is waiting for you."

"I am ready.—Brother and fellow prisoner, give me your blessing. Good-bye—a last good-bye."

Glaucus came out into the air. The air was hot and dry, and there was no sunlight. The sky was grey and clouded. Men rubbed oil on his body and gave him a stilus. Of what use could that be against a lion?

He looked round and saw the eyes of thousands looking at him, waiting. And then they turned away to that dark thing in the centre of the arena—the cage of the lion.

"Oh, how hot it is!" said Fulvia to the wife of Pansa, the Praetor "—and yet there is no sun!"

The lion had been given no food for twenty-four hours, but all that morning it had been strangely restless. The keeper thought that this was caused by hunger; but it seemed to show more fear than anger. It hung down its head; it smelled the air, then lay down; then stood up again and gave wild cries. And now, in its cage it lay silent with its head pressed against the bars.

C. The officer did not know what to do. But the people were waiting. At last he gave the order. The keeper, who was standing behind the cage, lifted the gate and ran

quickly out of the arena. The lion ran out, glad to be free.

Glaucus stood ready. He raised the stilus in the hope that he might drive it through the eye of the lion: he would have time only to strike once.

But the lion did not seem to see him or know that he was there. It stopped; it smelled the air, then suddenly sprang forward, but not at Glaucus. It went slowly round the arena, turning its head from side to side as if looking for some way of escape. Once or twice it tried to jump over the wall which separated the arena from the people. When it could not get over it, the lion gave a cry not of anger, but of fear. At last, as if tired of trying to escape, it went back into its cage, and lay down.

The people shouted angrily. The officer called the keeper. "What is this! Beat it! Prick it! Make it come out."

D. A loud cry was heard, then angry voices as someone pushed through the crowd. Sallust appeared in front of the Praetor's seat. "Take Glaucus away!" he shouted. "Quickly! Seize Arbaces; he is the murderer of Apaecides!"

The Praetor stood up: "What do you mean, Sallust? Are you drunk or out of your mind?"

"Take Glaucus away! Quickly! I have brought with me this man, Calenus, who saw the murder of Apaecides. Stand back, you people! Give way! Room for the priest, Calenus!"

"What have you to say, Calenus?" said the Praetor.

"Arbaces is the murderer of Apaecides. I saw it, and he made me a prisoner in a room below his house so that I might die of hunger. Set Glaucus free!"

"Arbaces to the lion!" the people shouted louder and

louder: "Arbaces to the lion! Arbaces to the lion!"

"Silence!" shouted the Praetor. "Officers, take Glaucus away."

E. "Arbaces to the lion!" shouted the people.

"Silence!" said the Praetor again: then, through the silence the voice of a child was heard, a cry of joy.

"Who is that?" asked the Praetor.

"The blind girl, Nydia," answered Sallust. "She set Calenus free and has saved Glaucus from the lion."

"Calenus," said the Praetor, "do you say that Arbaces is the murderer of Apaecides?"

"I do. I saw it. I saw the murder with these eyes."

"Sallust, where did you find Calenus?"

"In a prison below the house of Arbaces."

"Arbaces, did you make Calenus, a priest of Isis, a prisoner in your house?"

"Calenus said that he would tell this story," said Arbaces. "He asked me to give him half my gold to keep silent. I shut him up in a room below my house until the real murderer, Glaucus, was dead. Why did he not tell this when I named Glaucus as the murderer? That needs an answer. Let Sallust and Calenus be taken away; the judges will deal with them in a court of law. This is no time for further talk; let the show go on."

"He is right," said the Praetor. "Ho, guards! Take Arbaces away, and keep Calenus. Let the show go on."

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people. "Is Glaucus to be given to the lion now, and the judges decide on the real murderer, later—when it is too late? I saw the murder. I saw Arbaces kill Apaecides. Arbaces to the lion! Arbaces to the lion!"

"Arbaces to the lion!" shouted the people. They had seen blood; they wanted more! More blood!

Thirty-Two

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

A. "Arbaces to the lion!" the people shouted. "Arbaces to the lion!" Blood! They wanted blood.

The Praetor could do nothing. Arbaces saw death very near. Then he looked up, and saw a strange and terrible thing. He held up his hand and pointed. "Look!" he cried. "See how the gods save one who had done no wrong, and how they will strike my enemies! The fires of the underworld are breaking out against them!"

The eyes of the crowd followed his pointing hand. A cloud was rising up from the top of Vesuvius like a great black tree and branches of fire shot through it.

Women cried out in fear; the men looked at each other. Then they felt the earth move under their feet. The walls of the arena shook, and in the distance they heard the sound of falling roofs. The black cloud seemed to roll towards them, throwing down burning dust and stones. That rain of fire passed over the empty streets, over the arena, far and wide.

The crowd thought no more about Arbaces; they thought only of their own safety. Each turned to fly, thinking nothing of anyone else. The crowd flowed out from the arena, pressing against each other, pressing the life out of some; men, women and children fell under their feet.

Where should they fly? Some, expecting another earthquake, ran to their homes to carry away their best-loved things and escape while there was still time. Others, fearing the rain of burning dust and stones which was becoming heavier and heavier, ran under the roofs of the nearest houses or temples or even huts. The cloud above spread—darker, larger, more powerful.

It was a sudden terrible night at noon-day.

B. Glaucus had been taken into a small room outside the arena. There was a cry outside. Nydia pushed her way through the officers and threw herself at his feet. "It is I who saved you!" she cried. "You are alive! And I—I have saved you!"

"Nydia, my child!" he took her in his arms.

Just then the daylight became night, and the earth shook. The soldiers had gone, leaving Glaucus and Nydia to save themselves. They heard on all sides, "The earthquake! The earthquake!" and cries of fear as the people escaped from the arena.

Where was Olinthus? Glaucus took Nydia's hand and hurried to the room in which he and Olinthus had been held. He found Olinthus on his knees in prayer.

"Come, my friend!" he said. "Save yourself and fly." He pointed to the cloud which was coming over them, darker and darker. "Listen to the cries of the people! Fly! Find your brother Christians and escape!"

C. Olinthus did not answer. Glaucus and Nydia had gone. At last he stood up; he went out of the room. He heard a low voice praying. He saw a light, and three dead

bodies lying on the ground wet with their blood. He stopped.

"Who is that saying the name of Christ?"

There was no answer. He saw an old grey-headed man sitting on the floor and holding on his knees the head of one of the dead men; the tears of the old man fell upon the dead face. His son, Lydon, was dead: the boy had died for him.

"Medon!" said Olinthus, "Save yourself! God will destroy this city."

"My boy! He was always so full of life; he cannot be dead."

"Come! Come!" said Olinthus. "You cannot bring the dead to life. Come quickly. Hear those cries of fear! Hear those walls falling to the ground! Come!"

"I hear nothing," said Medon. "The poor boy! His love has murdered him."

Olinthus pulled Medon's arm. "Come!" he said again.

"What! Would you take a father away from his son?" He held the body in his arms. "Leave me! We must be alone."

"Death has parted you already," said Olinthus.

"No, no, no!" said Medon in a low voice. "Death has been more kind."

He fell forward on his son's body. He was dead. Death had been more kind.

D. Glaucus and Nydia were hurrying along the streets. Nydia had told him that Ione was in the house of Arbaces. They came to the house; Glaucus passed through the great hall. There was no one who could tell him where to find Ione's room. He went to the upper rooms. At last he heard

her voice. He broke down the door and seized Ione in his arms. He returned to the place where he had left Nydia, and heard the voice of Arbaces, who had returned to his house to get his gold; but it was so dark that Glaucus and Arbaces could not see each other. They hurried on—these three. Led by Nydia, Glaucus and Ione were trying to reach the sea.

Suddenly a stream of hundreds of people came past them. Nydia was carried away from them. Glaucus shouted her name; but there was no answer. They turned back and tried to find her, but could not. Till then Nydia had been leading them. She alone because of her blindness was not troubled by the darkness; darkness and daylight to her were just the same. But now which way should they go? All was dark. They did not know where they were or where they were going. The burning dust rained down upon them and the falling stones struck fire from the street.

"I can go no further," said Ione.. "Fly, dearest one, and leave me to my death."

"Death with you is sweeter than life without you."

E. They went on. All around them they heard cries of fear and pain, now near, now further off.

"Oh, Glaucus, my loved one, my own, let me feel your arms around me and so let me die. I cannot go on."

"Come, Ione. Your life is mine.—I see lights—men carrying them."

They heard a voice: "We are nearing the sea. I promise freedom and riches to all of you."

They saw slaves carrying heavy boxes, and in front of them was Arbaces with a sword in his hand.

Glaucus caught Ione in his arms

He saw Glaucus and Ione. "Ha!" he cried. "The Goddess Isis is kind to me even in this day of darkness and death. Away, Glaucus! Stand aside! I am the guardian of Ione. She is mine."

"Murderer," cried Glaucus, "come one step nearer and your sword will not help you; I will kill you with these hands."

Suddenly, as he spoke, a bright red light shone upon the place. The top of the mountain, broken in two parts, was crowned with fire. The slaves hid their faces. Arbaces stood unmoved. High behind him was a statue of Augustus, Emperor of Rome.

F. Glaucus held Ione in his left arm, and his raised right hand held the stilus which he was to use in the arena.

"Come, slaves," cried Arbaces. "Glaucus! If you stand in my way you will die!"

He came forward one step. That step was his last. The ground shook. The sound of falling buildings was heard all around them. The statue and part of the wall upon which it stood fell down, and under it lay the Wise Magician, the Great Arbaces, priest of Isis, last of the Kings of Egypt.

Glaucus caught Ione in his arms and ran along the street, which was still bright from the mountain's crown of fire. Suddenly a dark shadow came over the city. Part of the top of the mountain moved, then fell in a stream of fire down the side, and black clouds spread over earth and sea.

The brave heart of Glaucus could bear no more. He fell down in a doorway and, holding Ione to his heart, lay down to die.

Thirty-Three

THE END

A. When Nydia was separated by the crowd from Glaucus and Ione, she tried to join them again. Her weak cries "Glaucus! Glaucus!" were lost in the thousand shouts of fear and pain. She went back to the place where she had lost them; she asked all who passed by if they had seen them. At last she thought, "I was leading them towards the sea; perhaps I may find them on the way there."

Thousands of people, half the people of the city, were moving towards the sea-shore. More and more passed her. At last the slaves of Arbaces joined the crowd. Sosia saw her by the light which he was carrying.

"Ha! Nydia!" he said. "Of what use is freedom to you now?"

"Tell me, Sosia, where is Glaucus? Have you seen him?"

"Yes. I saw him lying in a doorway. I do not know if he was dead or alive. Perhaps he is dead, like Arbaces."

Nydia went back towards the city. She called the name of Glaucus. At last a weak voice answered.

"Come," she said. "Take my hand and you shall be saved."

Glaucus stood up. "Nydia! Oh Nydia! You are safe!"

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed Nydia. She kept away from the crowded streets, and by

narrow uncrowded lanes, which she knew so well, at last they reached the sea. They found a boat; the seamen sailed out away from the land. They slept. Ione in the arms of Glaucus, and Nydia at his feet.

B. Daylight came, a faint weak daylight. The seamen, tired out, were sleeping, leaving one man on watch; but his eyes too were closed.

Nydia rose gently. She looked down at the face of Glaucus. She kissed him.

"May the gods bless you, Glaucus," she said. "May you be happy with your loved one—and may you sometimes remember Nydia."

She turned away. "I have saved him twice—happy, happy thought! I can help him no more. Let me die happy."

The man on watch heard a sound, as of something falling into the water. He opened his eyes and saw something white above the waves—and then it had gone. He went to sleep again and dreamed of his home and children.

When the lovers awoke their first thought was of Nydia; but she was not to be found, and they wept as for a lost sister.

The Forum

Vesuvius

QUESTIONS

1. A. 1. In what country is Pompeii?
2. When did this story happen?
3. What was the name of the volcano?
4. What does a volcano do?

B. 1. Where was Glaucus born?
2. Who lost a lot of money?
3. Does loss of money make Glaucus unhappy?

C. 1. Nydia could not ——. Could not do what?
2. What did Nydia sell?
3. What is Nydia?
4. What is the name of the rich woman?

D. 1. Where did Glaucus see the woman whom he loves?—"In a —— in the city of ——."
2. Glaucus was certain that the woman was ——. What?
3. Who came up to her? Glaucus thought he was ——.

2. A. 1. What is an Aedile?
2. What did Sallust do?
3. Who will be given to the lion?

B. 1. What has Arbaces taught to the priests?
2. What does Arbaces do?
3. What does Clodius say about the Christians?—"They are all ——."
4. What will Pansa do to the Christians?

C. 1. Ione is the —— lady in Pompeii.
2. When did Ione come to Pompeii?
3. What does Ione do with her money?

D. 1. What things were on the walls of Ione's house?
2. From what city does Ione come?
3. Where had Glaucus seen Ione before?

3. A. 1. What was the Forum?
2. What did people do when Arbaces looked at them?
3. Who were the men in the temple?

B. 1. What is an altar?—"A —— of ——."
2. What was thrown on the fire?
3. From where did the voice come?

C. 1. What was Calenus?
2. Who is Apaecides?—"The —— of ——."
3. Arbaces is the ——(what?) of Apaecides and Ione.

D. 1. In whose company has Apaecides been seen?
2. Whom does Arbaces want to win?
3. What place must Calenus watch?—"The —— of ——."

4. A. 1. How did Glaucus speak to Nydia?—"Like an ——."
2. What did Glaucus's words make Nydia?
3. What must Nydia do now?—"I must——."

B. 1. Who was the master (owner) of Nydia?
2. Burbo was the ——(what?) of Calenus.
3. Where does Nydia sing?—In the house of——.
4. What sort of women go to that house?

5. A. 1. What did Glaucus and Ione talk about?
2. Where did they go in the evening?
3. Where did they go on the fifth evening?

B. 1. What did Arbaces make Apaecides become?—"A —— of ——."
2. Like Vesuvius Arbaces has ——. Has what?
3. What was there over the top of Vesuvius?

6. A. 1. What did Arbaces ask Apaecides?—"Why have you ——?"
2. What will Arbaces teach Apaecides?—"The —— which ——has to teach."
3. When must Apaecides go to Arbaces?

B. 1. What lay at Glaucus's feet?
2. What was seen on the face of Arbaces?
3. How many times had Arbaces not found Ione at home?

C. 1. Arbaces said that Glaucus spends his time in ——(a)—— and —— (b) ——.
2. Arbaces said, "Clodius asked Glaucus if he would marry Ione, and Glaucus ——." Did what?
3. What did Ione do when Arbaces went away?

7. A. 1. What movement did Olinthus make with his hand?
2. Where did Apaecides go?

B. 1. What things were on the table?
2. What will Arbaces teach Apaecides? "The science of —— and ——."
3. What are the pleasures which Apaecides will learn?

8. A. 1. What did gladiators do?
2. Where did gladiators do this?
3. What did Burbo sell?

B. 1. Who had paid this money?
2. For what had he paid it?
3. What does Nydia say about the things done at Arbaces's house?—"They are ——."

C. 1. Where does Nydia say that she will not go again?
2. Who came into the room?
3. What did she do to Nydia?

9. A. 1. What did Clodius and Glaucus go to see?
2. What did Glaucus hear?
3. What had Calenus done?

B. 1. What did Glaucus ask Burbo to do?
2. What did Glaucus pay for Nydia?
3. Where did Nydia hope to go?

10. A. 1. Whom did Ione allow to come into the house?
2. What did Glaucus do—at her door?—at her window?
3. What happened to Ione when Glaucus stopped doing this?—"Her ——."

B. 1. Why had Arbaces the right to go into Ione's house?
2. What does Arbaces offer Ione?
3. Ione says, "The name of that love is —— ." What?

C. 1. How did Ione feel?
2. About whom did she ask?
3. Where did Arbaces ask Ione to come?

11. A. 1. What was Glaucus doing?
2. How long has Nydia been in Glaucus's house?
3. Have these been happy days? What did Nydia answer?

B. 1. Glaucus said, "I love Ione." What did Nydia say?
2. Where must Nydia go?
3. What lies before Nydia? "Only ——" —Only what?

12. A. 1. What two things did Nydia give to Ione?
2. What must not Ione believe?

B. 1. Who will take Ione's answer if it is a cold answer?
2. Who will take the answer if it makes Glaucus happy?
3. Ione said to Nydia, "Will you be —— to me?"

13. A. 1. Where had Ione gone?
2. Had she ever gone there before?

B. 1. How does Nydia love Glaucus?
2. Where did Nydia go first for help?
3. To whom will she go next?

C. 1. Where was Apaecides sitting?
2. How will Apaecides get into the house of Arbaces?
3. What must he take with him?

14. A. 1. What things stood round the hall?
2. What colour was Arbaces' coat? Covered with —— (What?).
3. What did Arbaces offer to Ione?
4. Arbaces said, "Gold is a ——(a)——: it can make our —— (b)——."

B. 1. How did the table come?
2. Arbaces says, "I have also been able to look——."
3. Ione said, "You have learnt to see our lives as you —— ."

C. 1. If Ione sees the future what may it make her feel?
2. What does Ione hope that she will see?
3. Where is Arbaces leading Ione?—"To the ——of the —— of ——."

15. A. 1. What things hung on the walls of the temple?
2. What was there at one side?
3. What happened to Ione when Arbaces put a powder on the fire?

B. 1. What did Ione see in her dream?—"A great ——."
2. What was in the middle of the hall?
3. Whose voice spoke?
4. What is the future of Ione?—"To be the ——, his ——."
5. Ione said, "I am honoured by your words, but ——." But what?

C. 1. What fell from Ione's dress?
2. Whose name is in the letter?
3. Arbaces said, "You shall —— rather than to him."

D. 1. Where did Ione fall?
2. What did Apaecides do? "He stood —— Ione with a ——."
3. What did Glaucus think when Arbaces raised the knife?—"This ——."

E. 1. What is an earthquake?
2. What fell on Arbaces?
3. Who was inside the small gate?

16. A. 1. What was the Forum?
2. The man had no ——. No what?
3. What was the name of the man?
4. What was he?

B. 1. It is said that in the time of Nero, the Christians ——. Did what?
2. Olinthus said that the people were fools to ——. To do what?
3. Olinthus said that the earthquake told the people to be ready for ——. For what?

C. 1. What did Olinthus say to Apaecides?—"—— be with ——"
2. Where will Olinthus and Apaecides meet?
3. Where did Christianity have its beginnings?

D. 1. When was the walk by the river not crowded?
2. Apaecides said, "Tell me what ——."
3. On what day do the Christians meet?

E. 1. How did Olinthus strike the door?
2. How many people were there?
3. Who was Medon?
4. Who read and taught them?

F. 1. Who came in?—"Two —— ."
2. What was the name of the old man?
3. What did the old man say?

17. A. 1. Who spoke to Nydia?
2. When will Nydia go to her?
3. What question did Julia want to ask?

B. 1. Who sat at the bottom of the steps?
2. Who may fight a lion?
3. What does the girl pray the gods to send?
4. Who was Lydon?

C. 1. What does Lydon want to buy?
2. Why did Lydon become a gladiator?
3. Who came to see Julia?

D. 1. What was a young woman doing to Julia?
2. What did Julia tell the old slave to read to her?
3. How did Julia feel about the marriage of Glaucus and Ione?—"She was ——."

E. 1. For what is Thessaly well known?
2. What did Julia ask Nydia to make?
3. Why does Nydia wish that she had learned magic?

F. 1. Was Arbaces killed in the earthquake?
2. When will Julia go to see Arbaces?—"In——"
3. What did Nydia want to know about?

18. A. 1. Whom had Arbaces hoped to see?
2. What does Julia want Arbaces to give her?
3. Why does Julia want this?— "So as to take Glaucus away from——(a)——and to——(b)——her."

B. 1. Arbaces thought, "This is a way of——Glaucus."
2. Who knows about love-potions?
3. Where does she live?

C. 1. When is Glaucus to be married?
2. When will the feast at Diomed's house be?
3. Where will Arbaces meet Julia? "At the——outside the city."

19. A. 1. What did Glaucus and Ione go to see?
2. What came on as they were going home?
3. What happened to the carriage?

B. 1. Who was sitting by the fire?— "A ——."
2. What did this person do when Glaucus said, "We are not married yet"?
3. Who was this person?

C. 1. What did Glaucus see under the seat of the Wise Woman?
2. What did Glaucus do to this thing?
3. What was the Wise Woman's curse?— "May your —— (a)——be destroyed. May you become——(b)——!"
4. Whom did they see coming out of the city?

20. A. 1. What did the Wise Woman call Arbaces?
2. What did Arbaces ask the Wise Woman to give to Julia?— "Something which will——."
3. What will the Wise Woman give Julia?— "Something which will——."

B. 1. Who saw Julia at the gateway of the Bath? "——and——."
2. Who went with Julia to the Bath?
3. Did she go with Julia to the Wise Woman?

C. 1. Nydia had helped Julia to take —— from ——.
2. What colour was the potion?
3. Into what did Nydia pour the potion? "Into the ——."

21. A. 1. When does Sallust get up out of bed?
2. When will Julia give Glaucus a present?
3. Where will she give Glaucus the present?

B. 1. What things were in the box?
2. What did she do to the cup before she gave it to Glaucus?
3. Did she see any change in Glaucus?

22. A. 1. What did Glaucus tell Nydia to bring him?
2. Glaucus felt as if he could ——. Could do what?
3. Glaucus was ——.

B. 1. What is a stilus?
2. What did most people think about Glaucus?
3. To what place did he come?

23. A. 1. What did Arbaces carry when he went to Diomed's house?
2. Where did Calenus hide?
3. What will Apaecides make known to all men?—"Those——, that ——!"

B. 1. When will Apaecides tell these things?— "In —— days."
2. What did Arbaces do to Apaecides?

C. 1. What did Arbaces do to Glaucus?
2. What did Arbaces do to Glaucus's stilus?
3. What did Arbaces shout?
4. One man said, "I would rather believe that ——." What?
5. What is a centurion?

D. 1. The centurion said, "He is ——."
2. What did the people shout?
3. What did the young woman say?— "Now we shall ——."

E. 1. Olinthus said: "So, Apaecides, they ——."
2. What did Olinthus do to the statue of Cybele?
3. Whom did the centurion take to prison?

24. A. 1. What does Arbaces want Glaucus to write?— "I ——; I do not ——."
2. What will the judges do to Glaucus?
3. Who was the Praetor?
4. What orders does Arbaces want the Praetor to give him?
(a) An order to ——.
(b) An order putting ——.

B. 1. In whose house is Glaucus held?
2. Who was lying at the foot of the steps?
3. Did Glaucus put his name to the paper?

C. 1. What might Nydia do?
2. Where did Arbaces lead Nydia?— "To a ——."
3. What did Arbaces say to Sosia?— "Do not ——."
4. Where did the slaves carry Ione?

25. A. 1. What does Sosia want Nydia to tell him about?
2. Where has Arbaces gone?
3. Of course what will happen to Glaucus?

B. 1. When must Sosia come to Nydia?
2. What must he bring?
3. Why must he leave the gate open?

26. A. 1. What did Calenus do to the gate?
2. What must Arbaces pay?
3. What did Calenus see?
4. What did Arbaces ask?— "Have you ——?"
5. What is in the underground room?

B. 1. Where do the other steps go?
2. What did Arbaces do to Calenus?
3. Why will Calenus soon be dead?

27. A. 1. Where did Nydia put the cloth?
2. What will Sosia hear when the goddess comes?

B. 1. What had Nydia done to the door?
2. Whose voice did Nydia hear?
3. Where did Nydia go?

C. 1. Nydia asked Calenus, "Is it true that ——?"
2. To whom must Nydia go?
3. Why must Calenus lie quiet?

D. 1. Who let Sosia out of the room?
2. Who shut the gate?
3. Where did Sosia catch Nydia?

28. A. 1. What will Glaucus be allowed when he fights the lion?
2. Who is in prison with Glaucus?
3. What will Nydia give Sosia?

B. 1. To whom must Sosia take the letter?
2. What was Sallust doing?
3. Did Sallust read the letter?

29. A. 1. Where could a grey cloud be seen?
2. Who was the "fine young man"?
3. What is a cestus?

B. 1. Eumolpus was one of the two ——.
2. What was given to the Praetor?

C. 1. Who cried, "He is finished"?
2. How did Lydon fall?
3. What order did the officer give?

30. A. 1. How many of Sallust's slaves have gone to the arena?
2. The letter said, "Bring someone who can ——." Can do what?
3. What did Sallust's letter tell the Praetor to do?—"Wait —— before ——."

31. A. 1. What might Glaucus do if his life was longer?
2. What did they hear outside the door?
3. Why is Olinthus full of joy?
4. Why is Glaucus sad?

B. 1. The sky was —— and ——.
2. What did men do to Glaucus's body?
3. What was in the centre of the arena?
4. What was the lion doing in its cage? "Lying with ——."

C. 1. What did the lion seem to be looking for?
2. What cry did the lion give?— A cry of —— .
3. What did the lion do at last?

D. 1. What did Sallust shout?— "Take —— . Seize ——!"
2. Whom has Sallust brought?
3. What did the people shout?

E. 1. Whose voice was heard through the silence?
2. How long was Calenus to be kept in Arbaces's house?— "Until ——."
3. What did the people want?

32. A. 1. What was the cloud over Vesuvius like?
2. What sound was heard in the distance?
3. What did the cloud throw down?
4. It was a terrible —— at ——.

B. 1. Who came to Glaucus in the small room?
2. What was Olinthus doing?
3. What did Glaucus tell him to do?

C. 1. Where was Medon sitting?— "At the side of ——."
2. Medon said, "Would you part a father from his son?" What did Olinthus say?
3. What did Medon say?— "Death ——."

D. 1. Why had Arbaces come to his house?
2. Who led Glaucus and Ione?
3. What were they trying to reach?
4. A stream of people came past them. What happened then?

E. 1. What had Arbaces in his hand?
2. The top of the mountain was —— and ——.
3. What was behind Arbaces?

F. 1. What fell on Arbaces?
2. Where did Glaucus fall down?

33. A. 1. Who told Nydia where Glaucus was?
2. How did they reach the sea?— "By ——."

B. 1. What did Nydia do to Glaucus?
2. Nydia said, "I have ——. I can —— no more. Let me ——."
3. What sound did the man-on-watch hear?

List of Outside Words

altar, 3 B

earthquake, 15 E
erupts, 1 A

feasts, 8 B

goddess, 1 A
grove, 3 D
guardian, 3 C

lion, 2 A
love-potion, 17 E

mad, 19 C
murderer, 23 A

priest, 2 B

slave, 1 C
snake, 19 C
statue, 3 A
sword, 29 B

temple, 1 A
terrible, 15 B

volcano, 1 A

wine, 2 A

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

The symbols shown are those of the International Phonetic Alphabet.

AEDILE	'i:dail
APAECIDES	ə'pi:sidi:z
ARBACES	ɑ:'beisi:z
ATHENS	'æθinz
BALBUS	'bælbəs
BURBO	'bə:bou
CALENUS	kæ'li:nəs
CALLIAS	'kæliəs
CHRISTUS	'kristəs
CLODIUS	'kloudiəs
CYBELE	si'bi:li
DIOMED	'daiəmed
DOMITIAN	də'miʃjən
EGYPTIAN	i'dʒipʃən
EUMOLPUS	ju:'mɔlpəs
GLAUCUS	'glɔ:kəs
GREECE	gri:s
GRECIAN	'gri:ʃən
FULVIA	'fʌlviə
HEBREW	'hi:bru:
ILISSUS	i'lisəs
IONE	ai'ouni
ISIS	'aisis
ITALY	'itəli
JESUS CHRIST	'dʒi:zəs 'kraist
JOVE	dʒouv
JULIA	'dʒu:liə
JUPITER	'dʒu:pitə
LAZARUS	'læzərəs
LYDON	'laidɔn
MEDON	'mi:dɔn
MINERVA	mi'nə:və
NAPLES	'neiplz
NAZARENE	ˌnæzə'ri:n
NEPIMUS	'nepimәs

NERO	'niərou
OLINTHUS	ou'linθəs
PANSA	'pænzə
POMPEII	'pɔmpiai
PRAETOR	'pri:tɔ:
ROMAN	'roumən
SALLUST	'sæləst
SILENUS	sai'li:nəs
SOSIA	'souziə
SPORUS	'spɔ:rəs
STAPHYLA	'stæfilə
STRATONICE	stræ'tɔnisi
THESSALY	'θesəli
TETRAIDES	tet'raidi:z
VENUS	'vi:nəs
VESUVIUS	vi'su:vjəs

NEW METHOD SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

A series of graded readers in seven stages

Titles in Stage 3

Children of the New Forest
King of the Undersea City
Monte Cristo
Moonfleet
Robinson Crusoe
Peter the Whaler
From Earth to Moon
Emil and the Detectives
The Blue Lagoon
The Swiss Family Robinson
Tales of Ancient Rome
Tales of Oscar Wilde
The Conspirators
Stories from Shakespeare
The Last Days of Pompeii
Hereward the Wake
The Sleeping Mountain

Titles in Stage 4

Lorna Doone
Quentin Durward
The Black Tulip
The Cat of Bubastes
The Cloister and the Hearth
The Deerslayer
Tom Brown's Schooldays
Jungle John
African Explorers
She
The Bishop's Candlesticks
The Ghost Train
Little Women
Dr. Thorne
The Hunchback of Notre-Dame
The Last of the Mohicans
The Money-lender and other stories
The African Queen
Oliver Twist
The Call of the Wild
White Fang
Mr. Midshipman Hornblower
The Scapegoat

LONGMAN